John Osborne Back on the Nixon Watch

Nick Kotz on The Politics of Welfare

THE NEW REPUBLIC

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

May 14, 1977

Price 75 cents

NEWSPAPER
NR BLD4 W029 JAN 78 1 01
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY PRDCLS 44017
BEREA OHIO

Upstairs at the Mitfords'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some of the Saddest Children in the World are Starting to Smile...

Hungry Children.

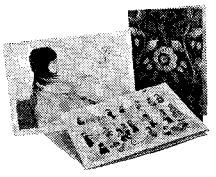
Sick Children.

Children with little chance of education. Millions of children in the poorest countries of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

In over 100 countries, UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, is helping to make these children smile—with more and better food, improved health care and increased educational opportunities.

You can help too, by buying UNICEF Cards, Stationery and Gifts. Proceeds from just one box of cards can provide 185 PAS tablets to help cure children of tuberculosis, a stationery portfolio can mean a new stethoscope for a rural health center, a UNICEF puzzle may supply a box of chalk for a classroom teacher. And since the world of tomorrow will be run by the children of today, supporting UNICEF's efforts to give them a better start in life can help to insure a more peaceful world for future generations.

The truly international collection of UNICEF Cards, Notes and Stationery are perfect for birthdays, anniversaries, congratulations, thank you, or for just keeping in touch. UNICEF gifts—puzzles, games, story books, coloring books—are an educational treat for children any time of the year.



Write for a free color brochure:
U.S. Committee for UNICEF, Dept. GC
331 East 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

UNICEF

Cards • Stationery • Gifts

TRB

from Washington ®
May 14, 1977

We're right, They're wrong

The United States was right, France and England wrong, when America refused to go ahead with the supersonic marvel of the age, the Concorde. Sure the Concorde is swift, but it has disagreeable environmental faults and worse, from a commercial viewpoint, it has an inadequate payload. Some still aren't convinced, but most American engineers are delighted we dropped it.

Now today, in the same way, we think President Carter is right, most of Europe wrong, in his rejection of the so-called fast-breeder reactor. This is enormously more important than the Concorde. Theoretically the reactor could open the way to limitless energy in a fuel-starved world. It is so complicated that it is almost impossible to comprehend but, on paper at least, the process is a kind of perpetual-motion energy machine: it burns up a type of waste-product nuclear fuel and in the act produces more fuel than it burns up. Who could ask for more? World leaders are like little boys at Christmas: visions of sugarplums dance through their heads.

The problem is that what is technically feasible may not be commercially valuable. So we have this extraordinarily dramatic 1977 confrontation: Mr. Carter, a nuclear engineer, has just shelved or scrapped proposed American breeder reactors costing billions, with more billions scheduled, while France, West Germany, and half a dozen other European countries are scrambling to amass billions to build them and, more than that, to export them, and know-how, to less technically advanced countries so that they can have an independent limitless supply of energy. West Germany is doing that for Brazil; France for Pakistan.

President Carter is at the summit conference in Europe trying to explain his seemingly outrageous views to the leaders of the Western alliance and Japan. They are reportedly distrustful and angry. He has one advantage; he is an Annapolis nuclear engineer and served once on a nuclear submarine: he can understand the complex lingo without an interpreter.

This is pretty dramatic, but there is another, darker, more dangerous side to it. Most Americans are still probably foggy about it; it is almost certain that many of the peaceful protestors at Seabrook, NH (the delightfully named "Clamshell Alliance") don't understand it. There are two kinds of nuclear reactors. One kind uses enriched uranium for fuel and is reasonably disassociated from weaponry; it is conventional and housebroken.

The other kind is used in the breeder reactors and takes plutonium, a man-made product that is probably the most toxic stuff on earth—a driblet will kill you, and 10 pounds in a bomb will blow up Chicago. A nation that builds or buys a breeder reactor that will produce plutonium from enriched uranium (U238) is on its way to making nuclear weapons. The president is doing what he can to stop it.

A few years ago—as recently as Nixon—the United States also thought the fast breeder reactor (plutonium) was the path to unlimited energy. The change was abrupt. Now the strongest doubts have arisen—commercial doubts, not environmental or military doubts. The cycle is too expensive, it is believed. Experts who say this are not against nuclear power; they think nuclear power is here to stay. There are about 400 so-called thermal reactors actually operating, or building, in the world today. But the fast breeder reactor, turning uranium U238 into plutonium, is a doubtful economic bet; it is enormously expensive to build and its electricity can't compete with electricity from other power sources.

Some of the idealistic protestors at Seabrook, NH, and elsewhere make no distinction, it appears, in denouncing nuclear reactors; they are against *all* kinds, and the nuclear age, too, apparently. I am afraid they are too late.

Australian nuclear physicist Stuart Butler, who received a prize from the American Physical Society here last week, agrees with President Carter. The fast breeder reactor, he tells me, is "at a critical point in its development. The industrialized nations are poised, but not yet committed, to embark on a massive commercial development program." He's against it; he thinks Jimmy Carter can still head them off. With two colleagues he has written a

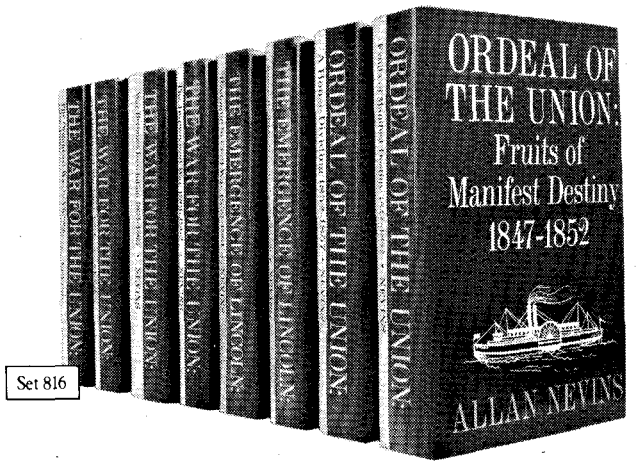
(continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drink deeply from the wellspring of history...

Choose Any Set For A Dollar A Volume

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to $112, with trial membership.

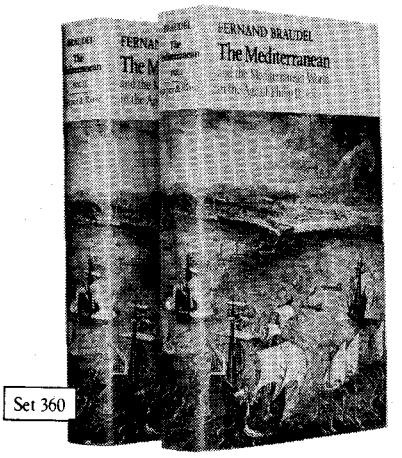


Allan Nevins'

THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION

8 Volumes, Publisher's Price $120.00/ *Yours For Only $8*

The masterwork of this great historian. Monumental account of our national history, 1847 to 1865. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian. *"We are not likely to see more history of this character and scope for some time to come."* —N.Y. Times, National Book Award.

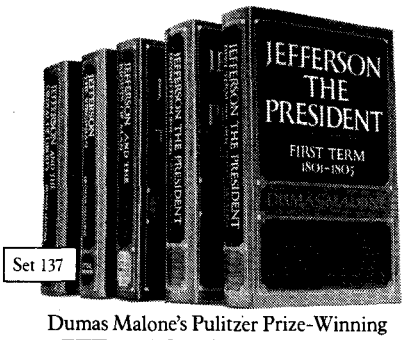


Fernand Braudel's

THE MEDITERRANEAN: And the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II

2 Volumes, Publisher's Price $35.00/ *Yours For Only $2*

A landmark social history, these two volumes are classics on the 16th century Mediterranean world. "Probably the most significant historical work to appear since World War II." —*N.Y. Times*



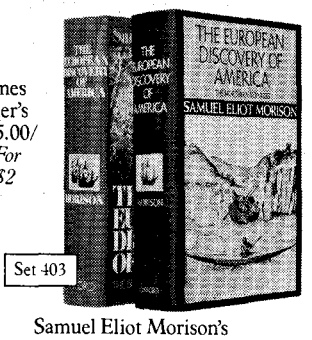
Dumas Malone's Pulitzer Prize-Winning

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME

5 Vols. Pub. Price $72.50/ *Yours For Only $5*

From his Virginia youth through his troubled second term as president. Biography surpassing anything you've ever read on Jefferson and his world. 1975 Pulitzer Prize.

2 Volumes Publisher's Price $35.00/ *Yours For Only $2*

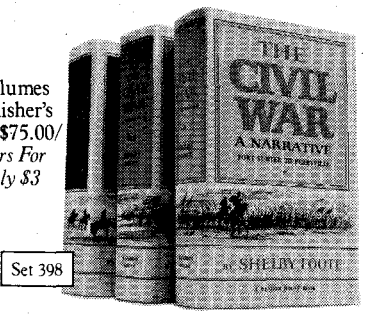


Samuel Eliot Morison's

THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

The crowning achievement of one of America's foremost historians. A brilliant narrative account of the Atlantic voyages, from 500 A.D., through 1616. Over 450 illustrations, 70 maps.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $75.00/ *Yours For Only $3*



Shelby Foote's

THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative

By a historian who is also a gifted novelist—the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox. "A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing." —N.Y. Times

WH77A

The story of history, and the men who made it, makes for reading that is both lively and valuable.

And the best of written history is the province of The History Book Club.

Now in its 30th year, the Club provides its members with the finest new books of history and world affairs—always at substantial savings. If you've never tried us, you've missed some great reading and unusual buys. But none like this:

For a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured—with your first selection at the reduced member's price (any book listed at right).

If you're less than delighted, return all the books (we'll pay postage) and that's that. Or keep them and take just four more selections during the coming year from the 150-200 offered each month.

They're easy to take at $3, $4, $5 (and more) off bookstore prices. No stinting on physical quality either; all our books are the equal of the publishers' editions. And this Club has a Bonus Plan that lets you pick *any* book we offer, not just certain ones. Use the coupon to join today.

PICK ONE OF THESE SELECTIONS AT THE REDUCED CLUB PRICE:
(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

138. **7 Who Shaped Our Destiny: The Founding Fathers as Revolutionaries** *By Richard B. Morris.* $10.00/**$7.50**

464. **The Twelve Caesars** *By Michael Grant.* From Julius in 49 B.C. through Domitian in 96 A.D. $12.50/**$8.75**

104. **The Indian Heritage of America** *By Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* $10.00/**$7.50**

671. **Medieval History** *By Norman F. Cantor.* $11.50/**$8.50**

116. **A History of the Vikings** *By Gwyn Jones.* $12.50/**$8.50**

247. **A History of American Law** *By Lawrence M. Friedman.* $15.95/**$9.75**

457. **A True History of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln** *By Louis Weichmann.* $15.00/**$9.95**

139. **Disease and History** *By Frederick F. Cartwright.* $9.95/**$7.50**

655. **Roosevelt and Churchill 1939-1941: The Partnership That Saved the West** *By Joseph P. Lash.* $12.95/**$8.95**

625. **The Black Family in Slavery & Freedom, 1750-1925** *By Herbert G. Gutman.* $15.95/**$10.75**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB · Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the introductory books whose numbers I'm entering below. Bill my set at $1 a volume and my first selection at the reduced Club price (plus modest shipping charges).

Set # [ ] Selection # [ ]

I may return all the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will take four more selections within a year *(not counting my introductory selections)*—at reduced Club prices plus shipping. Thereafter, I may resign at any time.

NR71W

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to the History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ont.

A note on how the Club works: Every four weeks, you receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing: the book will come automatically. To order a different book or no book, return the card by the specified date. You will have at least 10 days to decide—but if you get an unwanted book because of late mail, we pay return postage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 176, No. 20, Issue 3253, May 14, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by *The New Republic*, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, *The New Republic*, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by *The New Republic*, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Photograph of the Mitford family from *A Fine Old Conflict* by Jessica Mitford, to be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf.
Drawing by Philip Terzian.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	**We're Right, They're Wrong**
Comment	5	**Africa Isn't Vietnam**
	7	**Correspondence**
John Osborne	8	**White House Watch: Back With Dick**
Jeff Wheelwright	9	**The Furbish Lousewort is No Joke**
David Pryce-Jones	12	**Not Their Finest Hour**
Nick Kotz	16	**The Politics of Welfare Reform**
Stanley Kauffmann	22	**Films**
William Youngren	23	**Gershwin, Part IV: Porgy and Bess**
		Books Considered
Marie Syrkin	27	**Terrorism by Albert Parry** **Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies by Frederick J. Hacker**
Millicent Bell	30	**Hard Labor by Cesare Pavese**
Jean M. White	32	**Victorian Murderesses by Mary S. Hartman**
Robin W. Winks	33	**Ackroyd by Jules Feiffer**
Leon Botstein	34	**Unfinished Journey by Yehudi Menuhin**
Edward N. Luttwak	36	**Reconsideration:** **On War by Carl von Clausewitz** **Clausewitz and the State by Peter Paret**
Washington Diarist	42	**Erections**

SUN WATCH™

solar powered
no battery replacement ever
visible in any light condition
*custom calibration
waterproof
with certified performance

stainless steel - $199.99
gold-plate, add $50.00
also available in sold gold

Sculptured for leanness this ultra precise timeplace contains silicon solar cells to gather and store energy from sunlight, daylight or even an ordinary lightbulb. . . Therefore. . . there is no need to replace batteries ever. The SUN WATCH, a solid state digital timepiece, is programmed for over a century to the year 2100 to provide exact month and day, including Leap Year, without resetting.

*Custom Calibration - exclusive technological breakthrough enables the wearer to personally accurize the watch to one's own unique lifestyle to an accuracy of less than 10 seconds per year . . . without the use of tools or the need to open the case.

The SUN WATCH is available where fine watches are sold. For full color brochure write:

Riehl Time Corporation
53 South Jefferson Road, Whippany, New Jersey 07981
or call (201) 887-4141 or 887-4506.
major credit cards accepted

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Production—*Mary Henninger, Grace Paine*
Literary Assistant—*Roberta Tovey*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis*
Bookkeeper—*Donna J. Melson*
Accounting Clerk—*Carolyn Carpenter*
Feature Syndicate—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Advertising Assistant—*Barbara Albert*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Gilbreth*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Editorial Assistant—*Paul A. Barnett*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 14, 1977

Africa Isn't Vietnam

Just as generals always fight the last war, politicians always seem to be trying to avoid it, often to our peril. They thought World War I was caused by arms merchants, and their misperception helped bring on World War II. They thought appeasement led to World War II, so we stood up to our adversaries and fought wars in Korea and Vietnam. Now Vietnam is judged a horrible mistake, and there is a strong tendency, especially on Capitol Hill, to steer clear of every puddle in the street, for fear it might be a quagmire. The leading examples are in Africa—in Angola in 1975 and Zaire this year—where Congress has been observing what might be termed the Gordon Strachan Rule of international security. Traumatized by Vietnam the way young Strachan said he was by Watergate in the Nixon White House, Congress's automatic advice to any President tempted to get involved in a foreign conflict is: "Stay away."

Americans are so eager to forget about Vietnam, to repress the whole experience, that they—especially members of Congress—have not taken time really to consider its lessons for the future, in particular what Vietnam might teach us about Africa policy. Instead of impelling us to Stay Away, a reasoned examination of what happened in Vietnam might lead us to Get Involved Early—not militarily, but politically. Had Americans been more aware of reality in Indochina, by being politically involved there, we might have developed the same relations with Ho Chi Minh after World War II that we have with Tito, saving millions of lives, not to mention our own national face and psyche. Had we paid more active attention to Africa, we might have had more influence in Angola than we did when Portuguese colonialism collapsed. The Soviet Union and Cuba moved in fast to help what proved the winning side. By the time the tardy United States woke up to the situation, we were at the poker table with a losing hand. The Ford administration urged betting more chips, not to win but to impress onlooking kibbitzers. Congress refused. It was the right thing to do, but Congress did it for the wrong reason.

The Carter administration gives promise of behaving with shrewdness and compassion in Africa, if Congress will allow it to do so. The administration wants to play an active, stabilizing, progressive role on the continent, aligning itself with the aspirations of black moderates and attempting to bring about a peaceful end to white minority rule while avoiding a superpower confrontation. In Congress, the Senate's top Africa expert seems so anxious to avoid military entanglement that he may undermine the administration's ability to maintain influence with the moderates. The chairman of the House African affairs subcommittee is so anxious to develop close relations with the blacks that he may be undermining the administration's ability to negotiate peaceful settlements with the whites. And echoes constantly are heard from the last administration urging that Carter ignore the blacks and whites and keep a fighting eye on the Reds.

Despite criticism from right and left, the administration appears to have chosen just the right response in the still unresolved conflict in Zaire. When Katangan rebels crossed from Angola into the copper mining area of Shabaland, Zaire President Mobutu Sese Seko requested huge amounts of arms from the United States. The administration responded with $15 million worth of "non-lethal" items, including clothing, food, transport aircraft and spare parts. It was a contribution designed to demonstrate American solidarity with Zaire without implying that this country regarded the Shaba conflict as a life-or-death showdown with Angola and her Cuban and Soviet backers. The Carter administration should not have done less, nor could it have done more. Had it done less, the United States

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have stood in embarrassing contrast to Morocco, which supplied troops, and to France, which flew them in. Even Egypt moved units in to help and also Uganda, which makes one ask what interests we and Idi Amin have in common.

Had the administration tried to do more, it might have been barred from doing much of anything at all. The $15 million in non-lethal items did not need congressional approval, but Congress almost certainly would have balked if asked to approve emergency arms aid. The Angola precedent would have been carried into the new administration—the wrong action, this time, for wrong reasons—probably tying Carter's hands in Africa in any future conflicts. Even Carter's non-lethal $15 million was opposed by Senator Dick Clark, chairman of the Senate African affairs subcommittee, who argues that the United States already has done too much for Mobutu's corrupt, inept government, and should supply it no more military aid "lest the United States be drawn into the hapless conflict in Zaire, inch by inch."

Without denying that Mobutu is either corrupt or inept, the Carter administration contends—with Andrew Young, our United Nations ambassador, concurring—that the big, and potentially rich and influential nation of Zaire is worth aiding, and that an Africa-wide principle is involved that is worth defending. For all their economic, ideological and cultural differences, African nations are virtually united on the principle of territorial integrity. If Zaire can be torn asunder by regional or tribal secessionists, it could happen to any other country, putting all Africa into chaos for the foreseeable future. The administration trusts that Africa will note how the United States' observance of and support for the principle of territorial integrity contrasts with Soviet and Cuban support for the Katangan forays into Zaire.

The administration similarly hopes it will not be lost on Africans that this country is attempting to bring about a peaceful transfer of power from white to black hands in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and Southwest Africa (Namibia), whereas the Soviet Union has pledged itself fully to revolutionary black takeover. It is not accurate to say, despite interpretations placed on some of Andrew Young's remarks, that the administration is not conscious of East-West rivalries in Africa. But, the administration gives the Africans credit for appreciating the full depth of Soviet cynicism. Violent liberation of Zimbabwe and Namibia probably would cost 10 to 20 black lives for every white one, according to Pentagon estimates, because of the whites' superior training and firepower. The United States and Britain, moreover, are attempting to secure a transfer of power in Rhodesia within two years, a far shorter period than liberation forces would take to win it in battle.

In Congress, Representative Charles Diggs, chairman of the House subcommittee on Africa, has not been very helpful in the administration's effort to accomplish peaceful black-white accommodation. The administration wants to commit $100 million to a fund designed to develop Zimbabwe as a biracial state after blacks take power. But Diggs wants the money transferred instead to the black "frontline" states supporting Rhodesian liberation movements. The administration wants to accomplish a power transfer using both carrots and sticks as incentives; Diggs favors big sticks and no carrots.

Andrew Young also has been charged with retarding the black-white peace process—for example, by saying "Yeah" when asked whether the South African government is "illegitimate." South Africa complained, understandably, and the State Department, also understandably, separated the US government from Young's statement. White African hostility to Young presumably was the reason Vice President Mondale was assigned the task of conferring with South African Prime Minister Vorster on Namibia, Rhodesia and apartheid. However, we suspect Young's critics are wrong in assuming he has been demoted as a maker and enunciator of Africa policy. The administration has assigned somebody important to talk to the whites, but US policy is firmly pro-black. We are not backing Nhus, Diems, Kys and Thieus in this conflict.

Young is also effective in enunciating another principle of Carter policy: not to turn Africa into a cauldron of US-Soviet confrontation. Some of his statements rankle Ford administration holdovers and others who want to fight communism wherever we can find it. But Young maintains, convincingly, that we can afford to be more relaxed and self-confident in Africa. The Soviets are getting themselves bogged down in Ethiopia and offending their allies in neighboring Somalia. Mozambique may be Marxist, but it refused to give the Soviet Union a naval base and it is selling electricity to South Africa. Angola has passed word it wants to be non-aligned, despite Soviet and Cuban help in the establishment of its government. The Soviets once were thought dominant in Nigeria and Ghana, too, but have little or no influence now. It's a rather thrilling concept, once you think about it, that "Americans shouldn't be afraid of Communists."

Obviously, we cannot sit smugly confident that the Soviets will fall of their own weight in Africa. They have their sights on the right strategic targets—the Horn of Africa, controlling southern access to the Red Sea; the continent's mineral-rich interior; and, ultimately, the Cape of Good Hope, around which 50 percent of NATO oil supplies travels from the Persian Gulf. The Carter administration's point is that we have political, economic and moral assets to apply in Africa, if we are willing to do so. We need not jump to military options or Stay Away out of fear. But we do need to act, involve ourselves and pay attention. If we had acted self-confidently in Vietnam 30 years ago, we might not be so perplexed about Africa today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Last word on cabbages

To the editors:

The writer of your editorial on the Phantom Cabbage Regulations ("26,911 Little Words," *TNR*, Apr. 23) has given a misleading impression on the thoroughness of his search for them. After a couple of phone calls drew no results, he concluded:

> *There is no such regulation and there never was. By some miracle, the federal government apparently does not specifically regulate the sale of cabbages at all.*

Although a brief search did not locate the 26,911-word cabbage opus, I can assure the writer that the federal government does indeed "specifically regulate the sale of cabbages."

The regulations are contained in the *Code of Federal Regulations*, Volume 7, Agriculture, Parts 46 to 51, right where you'd expect to find them—between the broccoli and the cantaloupes.

Robert P. Kemmy
Chicago, Illinois

The editors reply:

Mr. Kemmy is correct. Title 7 of the CFR sections 51.450 through 51.464 are "United States Standards for Cabbage." They take up approximately 1500 words including, for example, section 51.456, which concerns itself with the definition of "reasonable solidity" as applied to cabbage:

> *"Reasonable solidity" means fairly firm for pointed type cabbage and southern Domestic type cabbage. Northern Domestic type cabbage and Danish or Hollander type cabbage shall be firm. "Reasonable solidity" as applied to Savoy cabbage means not soft or puffy; Savoy type cabbage is characteristically loosely formed and rather light in weight.*

Section 51.465 defines "puffy," and so on.

A real democrat

To the editors:

In the April 23rd correspondence section of *TNR*, Elias M. Schwarzbart referred to a *New York Times* article that attributed the following remark to Michael Harrington (of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee): "The struggle for socialism in the Soviet Union is the struggle of democracy."

I can assure readers of *The New Republic* that Michael Harrington has stressed over and over again that the Soviet Union is no friend of democracy or socialism. Anyone vaguely familiar with Harrington's *Accidental Century, Toward a Democratic Left, The Other America, Socialism*, and *The Twilight of Capitalism* cannot help but be impressed by Harrington's committment to democracy, and his total antipathy for the structure and practice of the Soviet government. I strongly recommend that Mr. Schwarzbart read Mr. Harrington's own words and not a reporter's interpretation of some.

Michael Anthony
Palisades Park, New Jersey

C.S. Lewis defended

To the editors:

Ursula K. Le Guin's review of *The Dark Tower and Other Stories* in the April 16 *New Republic* was both uncharitable toward and ignorant about C.S. Lewis. Many of Ms. Le Guin's criticisms of Lewis' writings were answered by Lewis himself in his works.

The least plausible of her objections is that Lewis appealed to his readers' desires to be part of an "Inside Club." Since she cites no particular examples of this, I cannot make any specific rebuttal. However, Le Guin should at least have noticed that Lewis preaches against such desires in many places in his books. In his essay "The Inner Ring" (in *They Asked for a Paper*) he argues more cogently than Le Guin does against the temptation to be part of an "inner ring." In "Kipling's World" (in the same collection) he shows that one of the faults of Kipling (who Le Guin also considers as part of the "Inside Club") is his appeal to the reader to be part of an "inner ring." Finally, Le Guin attributes the origins of the Inside Club largely to the influences of public schools. She has not even bothered to note that Lewis (who detested the short time he spent at a public school) in his book *Surprised by Joy* objects to these schools for precisely the same reasons.

Her noting that Lewis was anti-scientific is only slightly less absurd. Lewis himself replied to such charges in his essay "Reply to Professor Haldane" in *Of Other Worlds*. What Lewis objected to was not science but the attitude of some scientists (and of many other people as well) that continual scientific progress is more important than its effects on people. If Ms. Le Guin's quotation from "The Dark Tower" is accurate, it is by far the most antiscientific work of Lewis.' Perhaps that is why he decided not to publish it.

Next, Le Guin considers that Lewis' characters were drawn in far too black-and-white terms morally. While it is true that many of Lewis' characters were not morally ambiguous, this was not true of all of them. Consider, for instance, the moral development of Mark Studdock in *That Hideous Strength* or of any of the children in the *Chronicles of Narnia*. And it is simply not true that a character must be morally ambiguous to be well-developed.

Lewis was somewhat of a misogynist in his early fiction. Much of this can be ascribed to simple naivete. His mother died when he was eight, he had no sisters, he lived most of his life as an Oxford don sheltered from women, and he never married till he was 58. He admits in *A Grief Observed* that many of his preconceptions about women were shattered when he married. Still, by 1955 he was able to write a novel with a sympathetic heroine, *Till We Have Faces*. Lewis' attitude toward the two women in "Ministering Angels" has a simpler explanation. Lewis considered intellectual sins to be more dangerous than sensual ones. He has made the same point using men as examples in other works.

Le Guin's opinion of *The Dark Tower*, in contrast to her opinion of Lewis' work in general, may be quite accurate. If this fragment is as poor as Le Guin thinks, the general reader would be far better off buying *Of Other Worlds*, which contains all the stories in *The Dark Tower* except the title story and several other essays as well.

Wendell Wagner, Jr.
Austin, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House Watch

Back With Dick

Richard Nixon was suddenly back with us, on the tube in the first of his interviews with David Frost and in print with some previously unpublished samples of those horrible Nixon tapes. Here it all was again: the squirmy talk in the Oval Office and in the hideaway office of the 37th President of the United States, complete with the four-letter scatologies and obscenities that were hidden behind "expletive deleted" in the 1974 White House transcripts. In the current supplements, they appear even in the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* in the raw original. Apart from the immediate case of Richard Nixon, one of the several consequences was a study in legal procedure, press practice, and the role and duty of prosecuting and defending attorneys in such situations.

An incidental point, to be noted in passing here and left for later examination, is a difference between the Nixon White House and Jimmy Carter's White House that the Nixon resurrection illuminates. Four-letter talk at the Nixon White House occurred only in what most of the participants thought to be privacy when, it has long been obvious, President Nixon himself forgot most of the time that everything he and his visitors said was being recorded, often imperfectly, on Secret Service tapes in a basement room. A presumably small but nonetheless revealing portion of four-letter discourse at our born-again Baptist President's White House occurs on the publishable but usually unpublished record. Carter's chief spokesman, Jody Powell, is the first White House press secretary who at open news briefings has said that certain reports were "bullshit" and in the best of humor has told a needling reporter to "fuck off." Identical language in Richard Nixon's taped conservations helped to damn him and, as revived in the new transcripts, is bound to lessen whatever good the Frost interviews might otherwise do him. Coming from President Carter's press secretary, four-letter talk is generally taken by the listening reporters to be a refreshing departure and to be proper and acceptable evidence that this really is an open and homey White House.

Now to the newly disclosed Nixon transcripts as some of them were printed in full text in the *Washington Post*, quoted in part in the *Post*, and summarized in the *New York Times* on Sunday, May 1. The story behind their disclosure is more interesting than most of their contents, which in fact added very little to the sordid and known Watergate record. The Frost campaign to promote interest in his four televised interviews with Nixon triggered the journalistic quest for and publication of the transcripts in whole or part. The most aggressive and successful diggers for the new material were Frost's researchers and Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong of the *Post*. Woodward and Carl Bernstein were the *Post* reporters who did more than anybody else to expose the Watergate scandals. Scott Armstrong, in 1973 and 1974 a member of the Senate Watergate committee's staff, was one of the *Post*'s principal sources and now is one of its investigative reporters. With no intent to derogate his and Woodward's work and that of other reporters, notably those of the *New York Times*, who got on the hunt after Woodward and Armstrong did, I note with amusement that everything they unearthed and published was peddled to Washington journalists in 1975 and 1976 by lawyers in possession of the material. It was ignored in the belief that the public was sick of Watergate and its aftermath. The Frost television interviews and the brassy promotion of them made Nixon news again and regenerated interest in the subject.

The peddlers of the material came by it in the following way. At the time of the major Watergate trial of H.R. Haldeman, John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman and three other defendants, the Special Prosecutor appointed to prepare and conduct Watergate trials was Leon Jaworski. His staff obtained and transcribed 60 Nixon tapes for possible use in the trial. All or portions of 33 of these tapes were played to jurors, attorneys and spectators at the trial and transcriptions of these were placed in the trial record. All or portions of 27 transcripts were not put in evidence and therefore are not in the public record. However, copies of all of the transcripts, whether eventually placed in evidence or not, were distributed to the defense attorneys so that prosecutors who had prepared the transcripts would not have an unfair advantage. The trial judge, John Sirica, placed all of the tapes, whether used in the trial or not, under seal and any disclosure of them as such could put the disclosures in contempt of court. Because the transcripts had been so widely distributed, Judge Sirica did not put them under seal. They may be disclosed—"leaked" is hardly the word, in the circumstances—without offense or penalty. Some of the possessing lawyers were ready and eager to disclose them, but unti lately they found no takers.

Charles Ruff, a bright and youngish lawyer who is the fourth and presumably last of the Watergate Special Prosecutors, takes his duty as custodian of the tapes and transcripts very seriously. As a matter of professional courtesy, he lets Nixon's Washington lawyers—principally Herbert Miller and a partner, R. Stanley Mortenson—read the transcripts that didn't get in the trial record whenever they wish. They could also listen to the tapes, but they have never asked to do this on the sound theory that nobody would believe them if they said such was or was not on the tapes. Ruff will not allow the Nixon lawyers to have copies of the 27 unentered transcripts. The result is that neither they nor the Nixon staff in California have complete sets of the Watergate trial transcripts. The only legitimate possessors of complete sets are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prosecutors, the Watergate defense lawyers, and the clerks of the federal district and appellate courts in Washington.

The foregoing is offered in explanation of an imbroglio that doesn't matter a damn but fascinates me as a journalist, a citizen, and a nostalgic observer of the Nixon presidency and tragedy. As indicated, the *New York Times* and most other reports of the new disclosures add little or nothing to the record. The one report of any substantial interest—apart of course from the Frost interviews—was the Woodward-Armstrong story in the May 1 *Washington Post*. That story's lead paragraphs and the *Post*'s 8-column front-page headline—NIXON KNEW OF HUSH MONEY BEFORE DEAN MEETING—rested upon a brief and incomplete quotation from a transcript of a conversation between Nixon and his then hatchetman, Charles Colson, on January 8, 1973. Nixon, Colson and other Nixon apologists had always held that Nixon first learned on March 21, 1973 of "hush money" being raised to pay off and quiet the Watergate burglars whose break-in at Democratic national headquarters on June 17, 1972, started the Watergate affair. The story quoted Nixon saying to Colson January 8: "God damn hush money, uh, how are we going to (unintelligible) how do we get this stuff. . . ." On the basis of this partial quotation, the story said in its first paragraph that Nixon "was aware in early January, 1973, that 'hush money' was being sought" and in a later paragraph that the extract "revealed a degree of early cover-up discussion by Nixon not previously known."

A copy of the same transcript used by the *Post* but not printed by it shows that the passage quoted read in full: "President: (unintelligble) God damn hush money, uh, how are we going (unintelligible). How do we get this stuff (unintelligible) with Kennedy, when Kennedy said (unintelligible)." The abbreviated quotation, closed as it was with a three-dot ellipsis, omitted the references to "Kennedy" and thus concentrated readers' attention on "hush money"—a point that Nixon attorneys made in two letters to the *Post*. My reading of the transcript relied upon by the *Post* is that it suggests but does not establish that Nixon was talking on January 8 about Watergate hush money.

There's a question whether it is an accurate transcript, anyhow. It is actually one of three versions taken from the January 8 tape. A stamped inscription on the cover page reads: "Final transcript of taped copy originally obtained from the court, of reduced audibility." Like many other Nixon tapes, the January 8 one was all but incomprehensible at many points. It was played and replayed by the FBI transcribers who processed the tapes for the Special Prosecutor and produced successive versions that differed substantially from each other. One of Nixon's attorneys, Stanley Morteson, said on May 4 that he visited Ruff on May 2, asked for the January 8 transcript in the Special Prosecutor's file, and was shown one that doesn't have Nixon mentioning hush money. The comparable passage in the transcript shown to Mortenson by Ruff reads in full:

"President: I don't know. But anyway we've got that on the (unintelligible). I don't know how (unintelligible). How do we get such thing (unintelligible).

"Colson *(not Nixon)*: With Kennedy, when Kennedy said (unintelligible.)"

Mortenson said he concluded from the fact that Ruff showed him this transcript that it is the one that Ruff considers to be the verified and authentic version. Mortenson also said Ruff promised that he would not deny Mortenson's statement that it was the version provided by the Special Prosecutor. Mortenson got a copy of it from a friendly defense attorney and gave some reporters copies of his copy. When all of this was checked back to Ruff, he said he preferred not to comment on Mortenson's account and would not say whether any version of this or any other transcript was accurate. The *Post*'s editors, bombarded with Nixon demands that they retract their "hush money" report, took Ruff's passive reaction to mean that their transcript is the final and correct one. I take it that he is derelict in his clear duty to say whether the transcript he showed Mortenson is or is not correct.

John Osborne

Plants, fish and butterflies are making public works an endangered species.

The Furbish Lousewort Is No Joke

Besides a funny name, the furbish lousewort has these other attributes: it is a plant (Pedicularis furbishiae), it is extremely rare, it will soon join the Interior Department's list of endangered species, and it may stop dead a federal waterworks project larger than the Aswan Dam.

There are dozens of other small and obscure creatures protected by the Endangered Species Act of 1973, which in the next months and years could play havoc with construction projects and commercial development all over the country. This is no laughing matter.

Last January 3 a federal appeals court ruled that, under the law, a three-inch fish known as the snail darter has more right to exist than a multimillion-dollar dam half-built by the Tennessee Valley Authority. The court permanently enjoined the TVA from finishing its Tellico Dam, located on the Little Tennessee River south of Knoxville, because the dam's impounded waters would destroy the darter's only known habitat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the world. Section 7 of the act expressly forbids any federal agency, such as is the TVA, to take any action that jeopardizes the continued existence of an officially endangered species, such as the snail darter.

The TVA has vowed to appeal to the Supreme Court, where the darter almost certainly will win again. But the agency's wailings and gnashings have been heard with sympathy on Capitol Hill. Two Tennessee representatives have introduced bills that would exempt the Tellico Dam from the controversial Section 7. In the Senate, the man to watch is Tennessee's Howard Baker, because of his influence as minority leader. In the words of one conservationist, "It's his ox that's been gored." American legislators have a proud history of defending their dams, as President Carter has learned.

Under the circumstances, the furbish lousewort was about as welcome as crabgrass. In fact, the plant can safely be called a weed; its name derives from the erroneous belief in medieval Europe that a related species transmitted lice to cattle. A botanist for the Army Corps of Engineers announced last fall that the furbish lousewort, thought to have been extinct for 30 years, had been rediscovered on a bank of the St. John River in northern Maine. The Corps planned to build a pair of dams on the river—the so-called Dickey-Lincoln project—which would inundate the plant's habitat. Corps officials in Washington advised Congress that the project might not go through if the plant were added to the endangered list.

In late March the Interior Department announced its intention to include the lousewort among the first 14 American plants to be classified as endangered species and receive federal protection. The reaction was a combination of hilarity and outrage. Rep. John Myers, the Indiana Republican who sits on the powerful House Appropriations Committee, complained that if the environmentalists had their way, "A thousand years from now we may have a United States of louseworts, and nobody else." Newspaper editorials uniformly condemned the plant's obstructionism. In the Office of Endangered Species, which administers the act for Interior, staff scientists were beleaguered by telephone calls from reporters and forbidden to answer questions without special permission.

Because of the adverse publicity generated by the news of the listing, environmentalists fear a backlash against the Endangered Species Act. One reports, "Congressmen are saying that the Endangered Species Act was meant to save bald eagles and stop the traffic in alligator skins—not to enable little plants and fishes to hold up dams."

Of nearly 150 conflicts between the provisions of Section 7 and the plans of federal agencies in the four-year history of the Endangered Species Act, the vast majority have been resolved through negotiation and compromise. Generally, the solution has been to modify the project—by shifting the path of a road, for example, or cutting down less timber—so as to spare the habitat of the endangered population. Unfortunately, dams like Tellico and Dickey-Lincoln are difficult to modify—you either build them or you don't. Experiments to see whether the endangered species can be transplanted to a new area take years to prove successful, and many never do. The very fact that they are endangered indicates these species are fragile.

So we have the legislator's recurring nightmares. The proud lawmaker is standing on a river bank, poised to cut the ribbon and launch a huge civil works project for his district. His constituents are cheering him wildly. Suddenly a gurgling is heard in the slime below. A frightening band of unknown creepie-crawlies emerges, each one clutching the Endangered Species Act. The congressman's name is on the act. The project dissolves before his unbelieving eyes, and his shocked constituents grow sombre, then menacing. . . .

Here is a catalogue of rare creatures whose present or proposed inclusion in the endangered ranks may obstruct commerical development or government projects:

Snails: In the near future certain river snails are likely to be added to the endangered species list. One, the *Anthony's river snail*, is found in the same stretch of the Little Tennessee River as the snail darter, and thus could join the darter in the case against the Tellico Dam. Four other Tennessee snails—the *Duttons, Jays, Geniculate,* and *Rugged* river snails—live in the Duck River. The TVA's Columbia Dam, upon which construction has already begun, threatens their habitat.

Clams: The Columbia Dam also would invade the province of four freshwater clams on the endangered list. They are the *Birdwing pearly mussel*, the *Cumberland monkey face mussel*, the *Turgid riffle shell*, and the *Pale lilliput pearly mussel*. Another Duck River species, the *Tan riffle shell*, is expected to be listed soon. The proposed Meramec Park Dam in Missouri, a Corps of Engineers project, would endanger the habitat of the *Higgins pearly mussel*. When one of these turned up recently in the Minnesota River, a dredging operation was halted at once. But the mussel was found to have been dead for two years, and the dredging resumed.

The mere listing of these species does not automatically obstruct government projects. The TVA and the Corps may continue to build their dams unless and until a third party brings suit and wins an injunction. This is what happened in the Tellico case.

Plants: In addition to the lousewort, as many as 1700 American plants eventually will receive federal protection. Half of these are Hawaii, and most of the rest are concentrated in the Southwest and Southeast.

Near Ash Meadows, Nevada, for example, lives a thick-leaved, pink-flowered bush called the *Amargosa niterwort*. This desert plant is threatened by agricultural expansion and the resulting changes in the water table. The Office of Endangered Species has asked the Bureau

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Land Management, whose public lands include the niterwort's habitat, to beware of possible Section 7 violations.

Two dams planned by the Bureau of Reclamation, the Choke Canyon Dam in Texas and the Brantley Dam in New Mexico, threaten to flood the habitats of the *Texas rush-pea* and a rare, unnamed species of *buckwheat*.

A population of blue wildflowers known as *Northern wild monksheads* would threaten the proposed LaFarge Dam in Wisconsin. The monkshead will be one of the first 14 plants to be listed; because it also exists elsewhere, this plant will be classified as a "threatened" species, a less critical category than "endangered." But a confrontation has been averted because the governor has rejected the dam for failing to meet water quality standards.

In Antioch, California, a community east of San Francisco, a strip of sand dunes in the middle of town is home for two endangered plants—the *Contra Costa wallflower* and the *Antioch Dunes evening primrose*—as well as one endangered butterfly, two rare lizards, and at least ten endemic insects. The two plants are among the lucky initial 14. But since most of the dunes are privately owned and no federal agencies are involved, Section 7 does not apply. If they wished, the owners could pack the plants off to extinction.

Butterflies: Six California butterflies are currently considered endangered. The OES is now preparing a list of their "critical habitats," those areas whose preservation is deemed essential to the butterflies' survival. One species, the *El Segundo Blue* butterfly, is limited to two adjacent areas: a two-acre plot within the grounds of an oil refinery in El Segundo, and a larger area at the west end of the Los Angeles International Airport. The oil company already has fenced off the small plot in an effort to protect the insect, but the airport is more resistant. The critical habitat here will probably include 200 acres which the airport wants to convert to a recreation area. A Section 7 conflict may well be in the making, since the airport is federally regulated.

Fish: the snail darter has a cousin in Oklahoma known as the *leopard darter*. OES proposes to list it as "threatened" species, which could upset plans by the Corps of Engineers to build its Lukfata Dam on Glover Creek. The *slackwater darter*, found in Alabama's Cypress Creek, is imperiled by a TVA stream channelization project. It also has been nominated for "threatened." The *scioto madtom*, a two-inch catfish, lives in Big Darby Creek near Columbus, Ohio. The city wants to turn the river into a municipal reservoir. Although the madtom is listed as endangered, its critical habitat has not yet been designated.

And finally, there is the most ambitious project of them all, the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway. As planned by the Corps of Engineers, the "Tenn-Tom" will be a 253-mile series of dams, locks and canals that will connect the Tombigbee River in western Alabama with the Tennessee River in northeastern Mississippi. The biological information is only now coming in, but OES scientists are concerned about at least three fish—the *crystal darter*, the *freckle darter*, and the *freckle-belly madtom*—and eight rare mollusks. None have yet been proposed for federal protection.

The courts, the Congress and the Executive branch all see a need for a procedure to deal with this problem, and each branch is urging the other two to come up with one. In its snail darter decision the appeals court wrote that the judiciary is "ill-equipped" to calculate the value of a dam versus the value of the fish, and it called on Congress and Interior to "grapple with the alternatives."

Senator Baker, in calling for congressional hearings this summer on the Endangered Species Act, said he believes that "additional discretion" should be given to the courts and to the Secretary of the Interior, so that they can make "balancing judgments" between a rare species and a particular project. The act currently authorizes no such balance.

Not surprisingly, Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus wants no part of that discretional authority. On April 22, Andrus testified before a House public works subcommittee chaired by Representative Tom Bevill of Alabama. "Are you doing anything to get the snail darter off our backs?" Bevill asked. Andrus replied that since Congress made the law, Congress should take the responsibility of amending it.

Passing the buck is a familiar exercise in Washington, but in this case it's understandable. What is involved here is the authority to decide that a living species is less important than a given construction project, and that therefore the species will have to be rendered extinct. "It is the power to play God," says one environmental lawyer, and it is not made easier just because the species is small and has a silly name.

The arguments come down to the question of "use." The contributions of waterworks and development projects are relatively easy to measure. What use are endangered species?

Biologists talk about the value of a diverse gene pool, and the possibility that medicinal benefits may be locked inside rare plants and mollusks. Does the furbish lousewort contain the cure for cancer? It happens that a related species in the Himalayas is used for medicine, and also for food. And because the lousewort lives in part by feeding on other plants, one OES botanist believes that with a little genetic tinkering the lousewort could one day control weeds among rows of crops. There is also the argument that the value of a rare plant lies not so much in the plant itself, but in the components of its wild habitat. That is, there must be something special (and worth preserving) about the St. John River ecosystem if it nurtures a plant that will grow nowhere else.

All right, you say, but what has the lousewort done

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for me *lately*? Nothing, if you're certain that nature was meant to serve one of her species at the expense of all the others. Kate Furbish, an amateur botanist from Brunswick, Maine, had another view. In 1880, in the middle of a two-month trek through the Maine woods, she came upon an unfamiliar fern-like plant, about three feet high, with pale yellow, tulip-shaped flowers clustered in a cylindrical head. She recognized it as a type of lousewort; it would soon be known as *her* lousewort. Later, while pondering the purpose of her arduous expeditions in the wild, she wrote, "The thought must often come to the mind of the most practical, Does it pay? Why all this toil for 'weeds' which have little beauty save to the eye of the botanist? Yes, it does pay; our natures evermore grow young among the primitive pines. . . . Suffice it to say that people who care to visit such places find their way out of them feeling well paid for the trouble."

Jeff Wheelwright

Jeff Wheelwright is a writer and television producer with an interest in natural history.

Unity Mitford was only one of many British aristocrats itching to collaborate.

Not Their Finest Hour

by David Pryce-Jones

Hitler and women—it was a prime topic in the years leading up to 1939. Women, it seemed, longed to immolate themselves before the man. Hitler's appearances in public, even when impromptu, generated an atmosphere of prurient sexuality. Women would scream themselves hoarse, panting, even fainting, for an approach to him. Power is a curious aphrodisiac, and perhaps the effect was heightened in this case by Hitler's evident inadequacies or deficiencies. What was this ill-featured and middle-aged bachelor up to? Commentators tried to link him to the very few women he saw at all often. There never was anything to it. Hitler used to complain that he brought women bad luck. His exact relationship to his niece Geli remains to be cleared up, but he was thoroughly upset when she shot herself in 1931 at the age of 23. Eva Braun, assistant to his official photographer Heinrich Hoffmann, came into his life soon after that. In November 1932, pining for him, Eva Braun also tried to shoot herself but botched it. Hitler felt responsible, and thereafter she had him hooked, though she was kept out of sight at his mountain home of Berchtesgaden.

In its issue of April 7, 1938, *Ken*, a short-lived American magazine, published an article, "Hitler Hunts A Wife." Among several contenders named, besides Eva Braun, was Unity Mitford. Three weeks later this was denied by Unity's father, Lord Redesdale. "There is not, nor has there ever been, any question of engagement between my daughter and Herr Hitler." Of course this did a great deal to spread the rumor. The public at large scarcely had heard either of Unity or her family.

Lord and Lady Redesdale might have been invented by P.G. Wodehouse. Connoisseurs of English Edwardian eccentricity relish them, and have been given every detail, and much more besides, in the recent memoirs of Nancy and Jessica Mitford, two of the six Redesdale daughters who all became famous one way or another. Lord Redesdale cared for little besides the House of Lords, skating and shooting. Lady Redesdale believed in what she called "the Good Body," maintained by the dietary laws of the Old Testament and unpasteurized milk. Were it not for their children, this innocent-minded couple should have departed the earth, in the fullness of time, with nobody much the wiser that they had ever graced it.

Unity Valkyrie was their fourth daughter, born in August 1914, three years older than Jessica, four years younger than her sister Diana, five years younger than her one brother, Tom. Her names later acquired a prophetic ring, and Unity affected the German spelling *Walküre*, but her mother merely had admired an actress of the day called Unity Moore, while her grandfather, the first Lord Redesdale, a diplomat, had apparently foisted the name Valkyrie onto the baby under the impression that these war-maidens were Scandinavian.

Even by British upper-class standards, Unity's

David Pryce-Jones is a regular contributor to *TNR*. His book, *Unity Mitford*, is published in the United States this month by Dial Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

childhood was sheltered. She reacted to it by being naughty, which invited punishment, and that made her naughtier still. This spiral she never managed to break, although in the end it led to self-destruction. Her education, mainly by her mother and a series of put-upon governesses, was pitiful. Two schools, in quick succession, expelled her for total disregard of the rules.

It was difficult in 1932 to enroll with the Bright Young Things, as Unity was supposed to in the wake of Nancy and Diana, both by then established members known for their looks and personalities. The Depression and the coalition government that emerged from it challenged the old order. How was inherited privilege like Unity's to be justified in the face of unemployment and hunger marches? The failure of purpose throughout the governing class was despicable to anyone with a spark of feeling. A section of that generation, brought up to peer at the world through country-house windows—Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean—suffered arrested development because of this urge to turn against themselves and their background. Unity's guilt feelings and desire to escape were similar to theirs but followed the opposite political course, in the wake of her sister Diana, who went off that summer with Sir Oswald Mosley and married him four years later.

Mosley ostensibly had been born to command. He had inherited his baronetcy and a fortune. After the first war, he was elected to Parliament as a conservative, but crossed the floor, and ended up a junior minister in the Labour government of 1929. When his proposals for dealing with the slump failed to become policy, he resigned, he visited Mussolini, and by the autumn of 1932 he had recruited a party of his own, the blackshirts or British Union of Fascists. Mosley's attempt to scrap parliamentary tradition and take to the streets was unprecedented in Britain and proved to be a deadend. But to Unity it looked like a mass movement which she could join at the top, ridding herself of guilt but keeping privilege. With Mosley and Diana as her leaders, she had great expectations. At the end of August 1933 she went with the official BUF delegation to the first Nuremberg rally to be held after the Nazis seized power. Hitler was in his element, and so was Unity. "The moment I saw him I knew there was no one I would rather meet." So Unity was quoted in a newspaper soon after her return from Germany.

Sixteen more months passed before her wish came true. In that time she lived in Munich, in a finishing-school, then in the student hostel of the university. Day after day, she stood on street corners hoping for a glimpse of her Friend, as she referred to Hitler in her letters. She discovered that he was in the habit of lunching with his cronies at the Osteria Bavaria (a restaurant that still exists), so she positioned herself at another table where she could not avoid being noticed. Hitler eventually grew curious and invited her to join him. The classic pick-up gambit had worked.

At the student hostel Unity made friends with another English girl, Mary, whom I was lucky enough to trace. She later married a German, suffered for it and gave me her diaries on condition that her surname be omitted from my writings about Unity. From these diaries we know the exact date of Unity's breakthrough. February 9, 1935 was a Saturday, and Mary had been away for the weekend. She returned to hear the news: "Hitler sent for Unity on Saturday and she had lunch at his table—thrilled to death, of course."

For a while afterward Unity and Mary had rooms in a pension near the university. Unity would sit trembling by the telephone in case she was summoned by an adjutant. Then an official Mercedes would arrive to whisk the girls off to tea with Hitler in the Prinzregentenstrasse apartment where he felt more at home than anywhere else. He was politeness itself, according to Mary. On the theme closest to Unity's heart, he would declare only that he was wedded to Germany.

Unity also was received in the Berlin Chancellery. She accompanied Hitler to the opera. She went to the Bayreuth festival (and once returned from it on Hitler's private train, with Mary too). And she never missed one of the monster Nuremberg rallies. She was tantalizingly close to Hitler, close enough for Eva Braun to complain jealously in her diary about "the English Valkyrie." But only very occasionally were the two of them alone together, always to the consternation of his staff, who to a man distrusted her. There is no doubt that Unity was in love with him. He was flattered by the attentions of this blonde in her early twenties, and appreciated the way she restrained herself from displays of hysterical hero worship in his presence. Presuming that she had social influence, he also used her to spread rumors and news convenient to him. What she repeated from their talks found its way either through journalists into the newspapers, or through British diplomats into the Foreign Office.

Nazism to her was a simple cause, to be promoted by example alone. As her one-sided crush on Hitler proved more and more frustrating, her only recourse was to violence. Back in England she became a brawler, she marched, she demonstrated. The infamous Julius Streicher, Gauleiter of Nuremberg and publisher of the anti-Semitic *Der Stürmer*, realized Unity's propaganda potential and arranged for her to address a Nazi midsummer rally and to write to his paper, "I want everyone to know that I am a Jew-hater." Her Friend might be attracted by her self-sacrifice. More or less on her own initiative, she taunted a huge crowd at a Save Spain meeting in central London by giving a fascist salute, and almost was lynched for it. At a moment of international tension she drove from Munich into Czechoslovakia and got herself arrested, the kind of phony incident that the Nazis hurried to capitalize on.

In the summer of 1939, Hitler arranged for Unity to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be set up in a flat in Munich. A Jewish family was evicted to make way for her, which she accepted without qualms. But Hitler also had betrayed her, knowing by then that the attack on Poland was in preparation and Unity would have to either make a run for it as war broke out or stay as a traitor. Like other women personally involved with Hitler, she chose suicide as the way out. On September 3 as the British ultimatum to Germany expired she put a bullet into her brain, but failed to kill herself. Hitler arranged for her journey back to England, where she remained an invalid until her death in 1948.

In herself, Unity was a woman of no importance. She mattered only as a collaborator. She and Hitler liked to draw up lists of who would have done the dirty work in the event of a successful German invasion of England. As a matter of fact, official lists exist in the archives, which, if published, would create resounding scandals. For example, Walter Schellenberg, in charge of foreign subversion and intelligence, was debriefed after capture by the English in the summer of 1945. He was not a reliable man at the best of times, but supposedly he spilled the names of his English contacts, overt and covert. The embargo on papers lasts for 30 years so this file ought to have been made available in 1975. But the Cabinet Office will not, and perhaps never will, release it. The suspicion must remain that prominent figures are implicated in it.

Unity at least was out in the open, and made no secret of the fact that she hoped England and Germany together would rule the world. A significant section of society agreed with her, if more discreetly. For the most part they were conservatives with a concern for property. Year after year the same fellow travelers of Nazism turned up at the Nuremberg rallies and saw in those marching columns their bulwark against Bolshevism. There were members of Parliament like Sir Arnold Wilson, Sir Frank Sanderson, Lord Apsley, Sir Thomas Moore; and there were peers like Lord Glasgow and Lord Eltisley, Lord Brocket and Lord Mount Temple and Lord Allen of Hurtwood; and tycoons like Sir Frank Newnes. Well-connected people were continually touring the Third Reich during the 1930s. They were received by Hitler, and left enthusing. There were dupes like Lord Rothermere, the press baron, and Viscountess Snowden, widow of a former labour chancellor of the exchequer. There were boobies like Henry "Chips" Channon, also an MP, who loved the parties thrown by Goering and Goebbels. Lord Londonderry, a former minister of air, even after Munich advocated on the cover of his book about Germany, a Penguin special, that "we should adopt a policy of Friendship with Hitler and a better understanding of Germany's Aims."

Among Hitler's catches was the Duke of Windsor. Hitler, at least, thought so. The Public Record Office has a report by the British consul in Munich of a conversation which the consul had with Unity on September 27, 1937. They bumped into each other at the railroad station, where both had gone to greet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. By coincidence Mussolini also was in Germany then, on a state visit. Taking her cue from Hitler, Unity was upset by the abdication, and was at the station proving her loyalty. Three days beforehand, Unity told the consul, she had been having tea with Hitler and she reported that he had said, "If Mr. Baldwin had not turned out King Edward VIII I might have been receiving him today instead of Mussolini."

Frances Donaldson, in her judicious book *Edward VIII*, has weighed the evidence about the Duke's dealings with Germany. It was not only a question of staying with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and wildly blabbing appreciation for him and his policies (an appreciation that apparently remained unshaken for the rest of the Duke's life). After the war started, the Duke left France for Lisbon, and there the dubious Walter Schellenberg arrived. Other clandestine contacts were opened. The Duke's Portuguese host acted as emissary between him and the German ambassador in Lisbon, and through him with Ribbentrop in Berlin. Two weeks after leaving Lisbon to become governor of the Bahamas, the war-time post where he could be no danger to anyone, the Duke still was in communication with the Germans through his Portuguese emissary. "There is no doubt," Frances Donaldson sums up, "that his actions would have earned fierce reprisals in the atmosphere of, for instance, the French Resistance."

As late as August 31, 1942 Hitler in his *Table Talk* can be found mourning the Duke of Windsor's abdication: "To topple over so fine a pillar of strength was both wicked and foolish." But then Hitler was cherishing illusions of a collaborationist England along the lines Unity had sketched with him. On January 27, 1942, with Himmler as a guest, he said, "If Samuel Hoare were to come to power today as is desirable, all he'd have to do would be to set free the Fascists. . . . Men like Mosley would have no difficulty in solving the problem, by finding a compromise between Conservatism and Socialism, by opening the road to the masses but without depriving the elite of their rights." Some in England also thought that Sir Samuel Hoare, a foreign secretary under Baldwin and home secretary under Chamberlain, might play such a role. In his diaries Sir Alexander Cadogan, permanent undersecretary at the Foreign Office, pins the label "Quisling" directly onto Hoare.

Until well into the war Hitler continued to toy with the possibility that Mosley and the British fascists might be useful instruments. The fascist movement endorsed every single one of his conquests, from the occupation of the Rhineland to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia and the attack on Poland. It continued to agitate against fighting Hitler right up to the moment of its suppression at the end of May 1940,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Propp

during the German blitzkrieg on France.

The membership of the BUF never has been properly established, but 100,000 is a reasonable estimate of the number of subscribers over the seven years of its existence. At most a third of these might have been active collaborators in the event of a German landing. How many actually did commit treason by volunteering with the Nazis on the continent is disputed, but it was only a handful. Several had been Mosleyites. The most notorious traitor of all, William Joyce, the broadcaster Lord Haw-Haw, had been a Mosleyite spokesman until 1937, and had been a BUF delegate to Nuremberg in 1933 with Unity.

Behind the fascists were several pro-Nazi pressure groups, such as *The Link* with a membership of 4322. Its chairman, Admiral Sir Barry Domville, a former chief of naval intelligence, spent the war in prison, like Mosley. At its head were Professor A.P. Laurie, Professor Sir Raymond Beazley, C. E. Carroll, Lord Sempill, and Unity's father, Lord Redesdale, who lost no chance to praise Hitler in the House of Lords. The Anglo-German Fellowship, sponsored by the German Embassy, was larger and rather more genteel, aiming to persuade opinion-makers of the need to surrender to Hitler's demands. It disbanded early in the war.

Appeasers of course were of all sorts. Some admired Germany's military might and others were panicked by it. Lloyd George, for instance, prime minister in the first war and a keen visitor to Berchtesgaden afterward, argued that England ought gratefully to grab whatever terms were available before defeat became a certainty. In his excellent book on the Polish campaign, *The War Hitler Won*, Nicholas Bethell has described one of many backstairs initiatives intended to help Britain sidle out of a confrontation and into an alliance with Hitler. The Duke of Westminster was one of the richest men in the country. The war was just a week old when "he assembled an impressively titled group and read them a pro-Nazi memorandum. Among his audience were Lord Arnold, Lord Rushcliffe and the Duke of Buccleuch, all of whom were known to favor good relations with Nazi Germany." The Left and the Jews were apparently to blame for wanting Nazism to be destroyed. The Duke's manifesto poured scorn on "the parrot-cry that Nazism as exemplified by Hitler and his entourage is an obscenity so hideous that the world cannot resume its ways of liberty and quiet living until it is destroyed." Nicholas Bethell concludes, "It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrifying to speculate about what would have been their attitude if Hitler had ever gained control over the British Isles."

Nor was it necessary to be a peer of the realm to have this attitude. After a lifetime of sneering at democracy, Bernard Shaw reached climax with an article in the *New Statesman* of October 7, 1939, before the German guns in Poland had cooled. Hitler, he wrote, ought to be supported in his aims. "Our business now is to make peace with him and with all the world instead of making more mischief and ruining our people in the process."

Support for Hitler in England was wide enough and influential enough for the German leadership to believe that peace and cooperation would be welcomed and accepted, if it were not for the obstructive Churchill, his clique of friends, and the Jews. Hitler himself believed that the English would prove true to their racial origins and make common cause with their nordic brothers. Unity, the one English person whom he admitted regularly to his inner circle, had always told him that this was so, thereby confirming what he wanted to hear. Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, who also dabbled in racial geopolitics, dramatized the idea when he flew clandestinely to Scotland on May 10, 1941, to contact the Duke of Hamilton, and to appeal through him to what he was sure was a public longing to endorse Germany's New Order. It was not so bizarre a move. Had he timed it before the Battle of Britain, he might have split the ruling class right down the middle.

Hitler continued to seek the key to an England that he felt was being suppressed against its instincts. That there was some such suppression, and that this suppression was an urgent priority if the war was to be waged successfully, remains a taboo subject to this day. Those who compromised themselves by appeasing or defending Nazism, and even those who saw it not as a mortal danger but as salvation, were let off lightly afterward. The record shows that in numbers and social position they were not negligible. Unity Mitford was a cheerleader: she would have been standing on the steps of Downing Street waving a swastika at the incoming Reichskommissar. She was not the first, nor the last, to embrace hatred and call it patriotism. She was a flagrant example of the type that could not be trusted in the crunch. For although it was the country's finest hour, a quite different state had also been there for the making, furnished with a tainted ex-monarch, a fully fledged fascist movement, plenty of immoral aristocrats and a few corrupted politicians and intellectuals: altogether a Quisling state in embryo.

Learn along with President Carter why it's not as easy as you think.

The Politics of Welfare Reform

by Nick Kotz

Determined to keep his promise of three months ago, President Carter appeared gamely in front of the television cameras on May 2 to announce his plans for reforming the nation's much criticized welfare system. He proclaimed, "the present welfare programs should be scrapped and a totally new system implemented." But beyond that ambitious resolution the President could do little more than restate general reform principles, much as he did during the 1976 presidential campaign. Most of the principles are idealistic: providing jobs for the needy and cash for those poor who cannot work; providing incentives for families to stay together; rewarding the work ethic of the poor; eliminating fraud; restructuring welfare into a more comprehensible system and one easier to administer.

The President could not offer specifics because the plain fact is that neither he nor anyone else in his administration has been able to make the agonizing choices necessary for reform of the welfare system. These questions involve such basic issues as who will be helped and who will be hurt, and by how much and at what cost. Who will be required to work, and how deep is the government commitment to provide them with jobs? Will cash be provided to the poor through a universal negative income tax system or through a combination of more conventional programs?

Close scrutiny of the welfare reform process over the last three months not only reveals the complex nature

Nick Kotz and his wife Mary Lynn are authors of a forthcoming book about George Wiley and the welfare rights movement, *A Passion for Equality.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this divisive issue, but also provides an intimate view of how Jimmy Carter thinks and works. In his public remarks and in the privacy of White House meetings on welfare, Carter has revealed that his thinking on social issues is informed by contradictory impulses. On the one hand, he expresses compassion and wants to help the poor. But at the same time he wants to balance the budget by 1981 and toward that end doesn't want to increase welfare spending. We see the enthusiastic social engineer with grand visions of revamping the entire complex welfare system. But the next moment we see the fiscal conservative who orders that the whole grandiose exercise should be carried out with "zero cost planning." One reason the administration hasn't settled on a plan is that some officials at least worry about a "reform" that leaves millions of poor people worse off than they are now.

On one level the delay is the result of a classic power struggle between two rival government bureaucracies in the Department of Labor and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. But this struggle comes down to very fundamental and unresolved questions in American society. Does an affluent society owe jobs to all its citizens? Should the government guarantee a basic income to all in need? And if the country is willing to make these kinds of large commitments, which should it choose or emphasize?

The search for welfare reform in this administration really began several years ago when Governor Carter of Georgia experienced the frustrations of trying to administer a fragmented, unjust and inadequate welfare system. That experience convinced Carter the social engineer that something ought to be done about the "welfare mess" and that something could be done by a determined President. As governor, he sought modest raises in Georgia's miserly welfare payments, and greatly increased social service spending for the aged, children and the handicapped. He was the only southern governor to endorse the Nixon administration's Family Assistance Plan—a welfare reform attempt in the early 1970s which died a victim of conservatives opposed to a guaranteed annual income and liberals who thought the plan too stingy. During the 1976 presidential campaign Carter stressed a proposal not unlike the Nixon plan, calling for a federally funded national minimum welfare payment. "Our present welfare system is both antiwork and antifamily," he declared. "As President I intend to reform that system so that it encourages work and encourages family life and reflects both the competence and compassion of the American people."

The welfare issue still was very much on the President-elect's mind when he met with his future cabinet at the Smith Bagley plantation on St. Simon's Island, Georgia. It was a warm day in late December, and the conversation seemed as informal as the sports clothes worn by members of the government in waiting. At least that's what Joe Califano thought when, in answer to a Carter question, he estimated that a welfare reform plan might be ready by May 1.

The new Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare therefore was startled three weeks later when President Carter announced publicly that Califano would give him a welfare plan on May 1. Califano never imagined that his offhand private estimate at St. Simon's would become part of an official early timetable of the Carter administration. On five separate occasions in the next few weeks, Califano tried to delay the deadline, telling the President more time was needed, especially to test the effects of various ideas with accurate information from the computers. "Well, you just do the best you can with the time you've got," Carter told him. Then the President intensified the pressure with a series of public comments upping the ante on just what was going to be delivered on May 1. The President was employing a technique he had used as governor, imposing deadlines as a means of forcing action. The President's fascination with these deadlines is not shared by one longtime aide, who said privately that the preoccupation sometimes has led to hasty, sloppy work and to presentation of bogus "results" at deadlines that actually had not been met.

In late January Califano set about in lawyerlike fashion to learn the welfare issue. During frequent evening briefings from his staff he began to understand the complexity of our welfare system run and paid for by a myriad of federal, state and local government agencies and legislatures. He learned that the principal welfare programs—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), food stamps, Medicaid and Supplemental Social Security (SSI) for the aged, blind and disabled—provide a total of $40 billion in benefits to more than 25 million persons. Califano learned that the welfare system treats people differently, depending on their place of residence, marital status and work situation. The system often is blatantly unfair, punishing those who work, families which stick together and anyone unfortunate enough to live in states with miserly welfare benefits.

But Califano also learned—and later tried to explain to President Carter—that the present system, despite its unwieldiness and its inequities, has grown into a vital support for millions of poor people. The combined benefits of various programs—food stamps, Medicaid, AFDC or SSI and perhaps a housing subsidy—lift 20 million out of America's 25 million poor families above the official poverty line of $5500 a year for a family of four.

The immense political difficulties of achieving welfare reform become clear to Califano when he paid visits to Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and Representative Al Ullman of Oregon, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. These two men will be crucial to the fate of whatever welfare legislation is sent to Congress,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so Califano tried to involve them in the process early on. Both Long and Ullman had strenuously opposed the Nixon welfare reform plan and their initial comments to Califano indicated little change of heart. "I'm deadset against any kind of negative income tax or guaranteed annual income," said Ullman. "It's unworkable and a political disaster." Long and Ullman share an evangelical fervor to "reform" the poor. Long said, "You've got to get those welfare mothers to work." Long advocated several program experiments rather than conprehensive reform. "You test my plan and I'll give you the money to test any two of yours," he said.

Califano's next step was to appoint a Welfare Consulting Group, with members drawn from the White House, cabinet departments, congressional committees, and associations of state and local government officials. After protests by welfare rights groups, he added three representatives of welfare recipients (only one of whom actually is on welfare). Califano wanted to generate welfare reform ideas, but he also wanted to build a political consensus for action.

The first thing Califano learned from the Friday meetings of the consulting group though was that welfare reform means very different things to different people. For some conservatives and most of the public, reform means cutting costs and reducing the welfare rolls. State and local welfare administrators want to unsnarl administrative red tape and shift all costs to Washington. Academic reformers want to restructure the present crazy quilt of programs into a rational system that fulfills a whole list of idealized objectives: greater equity between recipients, incentives to work and family stability. Another group of more pragmatic reformers want incremental improvements in the present system rather than an overall reform, which they think Congress is unlikely to approve with any kind of decent treatment for the poor.

Welfare recipients themselves, and their representatives, offer yet another perspective. They would welcome a guaranteed minimum income and assured jobs paying a living wage. But their most pressing concern is the adequacy of the present welfare benefits on which they must live. Mrs. Nezzie Willis, the only actual welfare recipient in Califano's consulting group, made that point repeatedly. "Until this committee comes up with an adequate amount of money for people to live on," said Mrs. Willis, a Chicago mother of three, "it's crazy to talk about phasing out food stamps." Mrs. Willis gets a $317 AFDC check every month. She said she spends $80 each month to get $166 worth of food stamps, and pays $166 rent. That leaves her $71 cash for all her family's other needs, including more food after the food stamps run out in the third week. Under one HEW reform proposal that would eliminate food stamps, Mrs. Willis could end up with $600 a year less than her present income.

Califano gave responsibility for preparing a reform plan to Henry Aaron, a Brookings Institution economist whom he had appointed Assistant Secretary of HEW for Planning and Evaluation. By the middle of March, Aaron and his assistant Michael Barth had distilled nine separate options, ranging from modest administrative improvements in present programs to a broadscale guaranteed annual income. One proposal concentrated on providing millions of jobs. Another would have folded most programs into an expanded Social Security system. Another would have added a housing allowance to present benefits. A plan favored by some conservatives would have given federal funds to the states to spend as they saw fit.

But the search for welfare reform had reached a point at which further political leadership was needed. None of the ideas for reform really could be evaluated until the level of benefits—and therefore the cost—had been determined. How much to spend is unavoidably a political decision, and no one on the HEW staff wanted the responsibility of making a recommendation. Aaron cautioned his aides, "It would be suicidal to take an advocacy position." When a frustrated participant in the consulting group wondered aloud just what was the purpose of welfare reform, Aaron replied cautiously, "it's a question of tradeoffs." Legal service attorney Henry Freedman responded, "Unfortunately, the poor have very little to trade off."

Califano and Aaron looked anxiously for some signal from the White House, but the President's staff warily fended off any early involvement in the sticky issue. "The ball is in Joe Califano's court," White House aide Bert Carp said.

Seeking to force the issue, Califano requested a meeting with the President. Califano sent over in advance the massive accumulated working papers of the consulting group. In an accompanying memorandum, he posed several questions, designed to draw out Carter's opinions: "Which government programs should be combined in a new system? What level of income support should the poor receive? Are we prepared to offer public service jobs to all who need them?"

On March 25, with President Carter, Vice President Walter Mondale and a dozen other administration officials as an audience, Califano reviewed the present welfare system, citing dramatic examples to illustrate his points. He described a Wisconsin woman who got a total of $8500 in salary and various welfare benefits to support her family as long as she worked half-time, but lost most of her welfare benefits and ended up with only $5691 in income when she took a fulltime job. "When people really understand this, the President said, shaking his head in dismay, "I'm sure they will do something about it."

Then Carter took over the meeting and for the first time supplied his own special direction to the search for welfare reform. "Joe," he began, "if you had to start over from scratch, is this the kind of system you would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

create?" Califano shook his head negatively and the President continued: "In that case I want you to take all the money that is now being spent on welfare programs and redesign the whole system using the same amount of money. Then show what you can do, adding new money in $1 billion increments." He requested a report in two weeks.

In the language of the Carter White House, the President had just ordered that Califano base his recommendations on a process called "zero cost planning." This management technique, favored by the President, calls for a total re-examination of old premises and programs, and then redesigning them into a comprehensive new and improved system, without spending any money.

Since Carter wanted a comprehensive reform program, Henry Aaron narrowed the nine options on his list to three major reform plans.

One plan, favored by the Labor Department and its Secretary, Ray Marshall, featured guaranteed public service jobs at a living wage for all poor people who need work and can't find private jobs. Marshall wants to help the poor by reforming the bottom sector of the labor market with more jobs and better pay. "You can't move people without making work attractive," he said. "I'm not interested in just supplying one kind of unemployment for another, and creating a cheap work force."

A second plan, favored by the HEW staff, emphasized a negative income tax for all poor people. Negative income tax advocates contend that a unified cash benefit system would bring administrative simplicity and guarantee equal treatment for all of the poor, providing benefits strictly on the basis of need.

The third plan, favored by the AFL-CIO and designed by welfare consultant Tom Joe (a brilliant man who has overcome blindness to become an expert in this field), would address different people's problems differently. Those who can't or shouldn't work would get welfare. The working poor would get a bonus through the tax system. The unemployed poor would be helped through an expanded unemployment compensation system. Joe explained, "Welfare should no longer be the dumping ground for the failure of all social institutions—a bad health system, a bad education system, a weak unemployment compensation system, let alone a very bad manpower system." The AFL-CIO's Bert Seidman said, "the poor are poor for many different reasons and the way out is by many routes."

When Aaron presented these three proposals to the consulting group, the debate sharpened. Marshall and Califano, along with aides, met for dinner on April 6, when Labor and HEW officials argued the merits of a reform plan emphasizing guaranteed jobs versus one stressing cash assistance. Califano was less worried about these differences of opinion than about President Carter's order to design a plan at no added cost. "The problem is that $22 billion"—the amount spent on present AFDC, SSI and food stamp programs and a forthcoming jobs program—"just doesn't stretch far enough," Califano said. "Everybody's ideal is a decent income supplement and a good job. But when you try to squash that down to $22 billion you just don't get much."

Califano returned to the White House on April 11 and, using a series of charts, led the President through the three different plans, each scaled down to "zero new cost." Califano concluded his presentation with a note of caution. "Mr. President," he said, "I don't think that any of these plans is really adequate unless we increase present spending." He went on to show that reforming the system within the present welfare budget would mean leaving many welfare recipients worse off than they are at present and would not provide much fiscal relief to the hardest pressed states and cities. When Califano had concluded, Carter exploded: "Are you telling me that there is no way to improve the present welfare system except by spending billions of dollars? In that case, to hell with it! We're wasting our time."

Carter then challenged Califano's statement that more money is needed to protect welfare recipients from lower benefits and to assure fiscal relief to the states. "I don't buy the assumption that once you set a benefit level you have to bring everybody up to it," he said. "I'm offended and I think the American people are offended that people can choose not to work and get more than people who are working." But the fact is that you cannot redesign the welfare system, and add new poor people to it, without spending more money—unless of course, you simply redistribute present money, giving some of the poor less than they get now.

Carter said he wasn't sure fiscal relief for the states was necessary. If the federal government relieved the

Next Week:

The Business of America

A special issue
celebrating and excoriating
the American economy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states of some welfare costs, he said, perhaps the money should be obtained by reducing other federal aid to the states, including grants from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

After the President's expression of indignation that a better system couldn't be created without spending more money, the search for welfare reform took a new direction. Instead of a discussion of the merits of the three proposals, the rest of the meeting turned to a discussion of how to reform welfare using present welfare funds. As the meeting drew to a close, Califano, searching for some way to make progress, offered to send the President a memorandum listing basic welfare reform principles that everyone agreed on.

Califano's 10-point memorandum of principles, sent to the White House on April 13, contained nine uncontroversial cliches and yet another request for increased spending: "Use funding above zero cost to increase equity and make the package more attractive." But as a practical matter Califano, Marshall and all the other participants had decided that for the time being, at least, all their recommendations must stay within the present total welfare budget. Carter's principle of zero cost planning—in theory only a management technique for disciplined decision making—had somehow become an order not to spend any money. With this commandment in mind, proponents of the three rival reform proposals trimmed down their plans. Meeting with the welfare consulting group, Assistant Secretary of Labor Arnold Packer handed out a new Labor Department plan that retreated from earlier idealistic talk about "meaningful" $3.50 public service jobs. Labor's proposal now called for jobs at the minimum wage.

When the welfare consulting group met on April 18, representatives of the poor criticized both HEW's cash assistance plan and the Labor plan stressing jobs. The HEW plan would pay $4300 a year to a family of four, but would reduce benefits for many recipients by eliminating food stamps and cut off several million others by denying aid to anyone not officially "poor" for at least 12 months.

"You're making people vastly worse off," protested Alair Townsend, welfare analyst for the House budget committee. "In what sense is this welfare reform?"

"You're proposing to redistribute income from the poor to the very poor," said the AFL-CIO's Bert Seidman, analyzing the obvious effect of taking the same amount of welfare money and reallocating it to a larger number of poor people.

Mrs. Willis, the welfare rights activist, questioned the cut-down job proposals. "Are you talking about a 12-month guarantee of a job," she asked, "or the same old game of into a job in April, and back on welfare in July? We want jobs, not slots."

"We can't tell you it's a living wage," Packer said of the Labor plan. "It's a way to scrape by for a year."

The other two representatives of welfare recipients, Legal Service lawyer Henry Freedman and Legal Service program official Catherine Jermany also criticized the job proposals. HEW's plan for part-time public service jobs at the minimum wage, Freedman said, "is in every way the opposite of meaningful work." Jermany added, "We're creating the new plantation! People are being put into a second-class work situation with no rights and no opportunities."

Meanwhile, competition within the government over rival plans continued. Mike Barth of HEW sought to discredit Labor's job-creating proposal by pointing to the inadequacies of the US Employment Service. Unless a better mechanism could be found, he said, Labor "shouldn't make its proposal." "That's saying to hell with it," Packer retorted. "That's saying the employment service is no good and people are no good so just give welfare recipients a minimum amount of money and say to hell with it."

The HEW-Labor disagreement dominated the next meeting with President Carter on April 26. At one level the two departments could be seen as defending their institutional interests: the Labor Department with jobs and HEW with programs of cash assistance. But the disagreements are much more fundamental than bureaucratic power struggles.

The Labor Department plan, by now merged with the approach favored by Tom Joe and the AFL-CIO, begins with an idealistic commitment to the principle that this country should guarantee a job to all who are willing to work, whatever the cost and regardless of any disruptive effect on the market economy. This approach also represents a pragmatic political judgment that Congress and the country will not approve a bigger welfare system, whether it's called a guaranteed annual income or disguised under some other name. Therefore, the specific problems of various poor people are dealt with individually. Those who need work are given training and public service jobs, several million of which would be created. Those who work fulltime and are still poor would be given an earned income tax credit, with a working father of four earning $4000 a year getting perhaps a $1600 bonus. Those who simply can't work—the aged, disabled, dependent children—would be helped through a much smaller, federalized welfare program.

As President Carter listened, HEW officials Aaron and Barth fired a barrage of criticisms at the Labor Department plan. It was too complicated to administer. There never has been a successful American job program for the very poor, and we don't really know how to put these people to work. The job program would be more expensive than it was worth; for example, it would require expensive day care for the children of working welfare mothers. The massive public jobs program would disrupt the marketplace, causing inflationary pressures and attracting workers fleeing poorly paid and unsatisfying private jobs. Finally, the plan was unworkable and unfair: who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would make the Solomonic judgments of which poor people would be offered jobs and which would be offered money.

Ray Marshall and his assistant Arnie Packer defended the Labor plan. Previous job programs failed because of inadequate funds and commitment. The poor are not that different from the rest of us. A jobs approach is politically saleable in Congress. Costs can be held down by using funds from the present anti-recession public jobs program.

The meeting continued for two and a half hours. "What would be the consequence of the failure to produce all the jobs?" Carter asked. "Suppose we fall short by 400,000?" In that case, replied Marshall, people would be paid a training stipend until jobs became available. The failure to produce jobs as promised would just increase the sense of hopelessness among the poor, Aaron of HEW retorted.

The President said he disliked the complicated administrative machinery of the Labor Department plan. But he conceded, "I unwillingly agree to a multiple administration if it has to be."

The meeting then turned to consideration of the plan favored by the HEW staff. A family of four with no other income would get $4300 from the federal government. As a family's income rose, the benefit would be gradually phased out, stopping completely at $8000. Some part-time public service jobs would be provided for those able to work who could not find private jobs. Aaron cited the plan's virtues of administrative simplicity and equity, supplying aid on the basis of economic need. Labor Department critics pointed out a fundamental difficulty with a universal negative income tax plan. That is, the difficulty of providing a decent level of support for the poor, but at the same time building a strong work incentive. The problem is this: if you start say with an adequate minimum payment—say $5500, the current poverty line—and also seek to maintain work incentive by letting people keep a lot of their government money as work income rises, then the number of people in the program and the cost per customer both soar. The answer to this problem, say proponents of the competing Labor Department plan, is to separate the working poor from those who can't work and give them benefits under a different system. Workers would get their benefit as an income tax credit, quite distinct and separate from generous welfare grants to people who clearly cannot and should not work. Critics of the HEW plan also pointed out that Congress had rejected a similar proposal in the early 1970s and would be even less inclined to approve it today. Carter replied that if a guaranteed annual income plan was explained properly it could be sold to the public.

Once again a White House meeting drew to a close without any sense of forward movement. Someone suggested that welfare reform might be delayed since Congress wasn't likely to take up the issue this year anyway. But Carter said he was determined to meet his commitment of making a statement on May 2. He instructed Califano and Marshall to try to iron out their differences and then meet with him again on Saturday morning, April 30.

At the President's suggestion Charles Schultze, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, became involved as an honest broker between HEW and Labor. He met for four hours with Assistant Secretaries Packer and Aaron Thursday night and again Saturday morning with Califano and Marshall, before they went to the White House. But the differences were not resolved. The Saturday meeting ended with Carter resigned to a Monday speech merely laying out basic principles of reform. He instructed Schultze to continue in his intermediary role and to bring him another report in two weeks.

The President had said at the initial White House meeting, "You give me the perfect plan and I'll worry about the politics." But after three months, he has yet to decide on a plan or even begin to worry about the politics. It was not until Friday, April 29 that Carter began calling congressional leaders to get their thoughts on the subject.

Most members of Congress believe that welfare is a losing issue politically and wish that the matter would just fade quietly away. If the possibility of welfare reform offering the hope of humane treatment to the poor is to stay alive, then President Carter must make some firm decisions.

First, he should take the time, as Califano suggested, to find out state by state how various proposals will affect the poor and the hard-pressed state governments. Next, he needs to broaden his budget balancing act so that reforms in such areas as welfare can be financed by cutting costs in other areas, such as defense. HEW Secretary Califano and welfare consultant Tom Joe have been urging such a broadened perspective. Califano suggests, for example, that several billion dollars obtained by the government in the wellhead tax proposed as part of the energy plan, should be spent on welfare reform.

Finally, Carter must gain a sufficient political grasp of this complex issue to proceed with a concrete plan that not only makes sense but can be passed in the Congress. Perhaps that approach is a grand new design for reform—one that offers perfect equity to the poor, administrative simplicity, family stability, work incentives, tax savings, etc. Perhaps a more complex plan is needed, as Tom Joe and others have suggested. And then again, it is possible that ultimate presidential wisdom would dictate backing off from grand designs and working instead toward improving the present system. Progress can be achieved by taking small steps as well as large ones. And progress is what poor people and the nation as a whole need, not another decade of deadlocked debate over welfare reform.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Annie Hall
(United Artists)

If you saw Woody Allen's piece in the April 23 issue of this journal—it was called "The Lunatic's Tale"—then you already have a cartoon abstract of his new film. In fact, *The Lunatic's Tale*, with its Russianoid overtone, might even be the title of the picture. But what the piece could not give you is, among other pleasant things, the cheery news that he has written his best film script and that he is now a competent director.

For a long time Allen the writer has been comparable with S. J. Perelman: the same Yiddish-lubricated yet almost mandarin-periphrastic prose style; the same skewering of vogues by casual reference; the same heavy rib-nudge with mixed names. (Allen's Tiffany Schmeederer is the granddaughter of Perelman's Dawn Ginsbergh.) The chief difference between the two is that Perelman is mostly motivated by irritation with the world and Allen by irritation with himself. Allen is the classic *eiron*, the self-deprecator dating from Aristophanes who gets his laughs by holding himself up to ridicule. Of course underneath such self-ridicule there must be a bedrock of self-confidence: if he and we didn't think his self-deprecation funny, it wouldn't go on long. Self-putdown is just one more method, antique and estimable, of self-expression.

The very fact that Allen has really clung to that method in *Annie Hall*, has *consistently* been an *eiron*, is the core of what makes this script his best. (Marshall Brickman collaborated.) I've long hoped that Allen would some day make a picture with this consistency instead of behaving like a life-of-the-party, panicky about not being a howl. Here he seems to have written more or less about himself, and the autobiographical imperative has kept him consistent. Thus funnier.

This consistency leads to complications. Allen is writing about his troubles with his two wives and his subsequent girl, but he wouldn't have had those troubles if he hadn't had some success with women and he wouldn't be making this picture if he hadn't had some success in his career. Thus the image of the *eiron* takes on some nicely contrasting shades. One of them is the color of incurable insecurity.

Love is the subject here—not sex as in previous films, though sex is never far away—the possibilities of successful love. The script begins and ends with two avowedly old jokes. (There's an equally old unavowed one in the middle—about parking far from the curb.) These flanking jokes set the tenor of the piece: 1) Life is rotten but who wants less of it? 2) Life is crazy, but it's crazier not to go along with the craziness. Between those borders we get the story of a modern hyperconscious fellow for whom those two commandments have long replaced the original ten but who keeps rescrutinizing them for some hint about making love last.

Allen plays (plays?) a New York Jewish comedy-writer who, in the midst of the picture, turns comedy performer. He has been married twice, divorced twice, and is having an affair with Diane Keaton that is on the toboggan. (Obligatory notes: Allen and Keaton once lived together. Keaton's real name is Hall.) We flash back to reach the point at which the "present" story begins. Then Keaton, who wants a pop singing career, goes to L. A. to live with a big recording star. Allen still wants her, or now wants her as much as he used to, and goes out to reclaim her from the sun-drenched, health-fed, carefully-casually dressed society in which she is wallowing. Not then but later she comes back. They hook up again in New York, then they part again—but the ending is left open-ended—in front of Lincoln Center.

Improved as this script is, it still has to be judged finally in terms of its gags, not by conventional criteria. Some of the gags scrape bottom: stuff about cars—Keaton's driving, Allen's driving. Some of them zoom to the esoteric extreme: a joke about *Dissent* and *Commentary* (they have merged to form *Dysentery*); Allen's passion for Ophuls' film *The Sorrow and the Pity*, which he goes to again and again. (When, after a split, he runs into Keaton at the Ophuls film, he takes it as a sign that she still cares for him.) And there is good "middle" stuff: Allen's boyhood in a little house tucked under a Coney Island roller coaster where his father works; many asides to the camera à la Groucho. Allen's form, as natural to him as the sonnet was to Petrarch, is the series of "bits." Even when he's trying hardest to tell some truths and develop a theme, it comes out a series of "bits," and we have to judge the whole less as a whole than as a number of times at bat. Most times, this time, are hits.

His direction has at last reached the level where it's unobtrusive. Up to now he has often tried to be arty or tried to show that he knows films by parodying famous ones or he has simply not known what to be looking at and for how long. Now he *directs*, without distinction but without distraction. Color, photographed by Gordon Willis, is not inaptly gorgeous as it was in *Love and Death*. The only hint of unease comes from grabs at cinematic devices: split screens, subtitles, voice-overs (characters' thoughts while silent), an animated sequence (done by Chris Ishii).

His performance in *Annie Hall* is his best so far for a simple reason: he has completely cut out physical comedy—pratfalls, mugging, etc.—at which he is just no good. He has tailored his role to fit the limits of the funny/true things he can really do and—let's not fuss with the term acting—he behaves entirely credibly. (In *The Front* the same Allen character, the only one he can present, was forced to take strains it couldn't bear.)

Films Worth Seeing

Aguirre, The Wrath of God. A German-made political allegory about *conquistadores*, Peru 1560. Not thematically enlightening but marvelous to watch.

Black Sunday. Prolix yet frequently taut thriller about Palestinians *vs.* Israelis in the US.

Harlan County, USA. A (for once) deserved Academy Award has brought back this fine documentary about coal miners.

Network. The TV networks slashed with Paddy Chayefsky's rubber knife. But it's well acted, fast and lurid.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One very constant theme in the film needs special comment: Jewish paranoia. That is, Allen's paranoia about being a Jew. Every time he is with a gentile, male or female, he knows it, almost overwhelmingly. Gentilism seems to be the great Boyg tormenting this quizzical Peer Gynt. His wives were Jewish (apparently): his girl is not. That isn't the reason for his present troubles—after all, he divorced the wives—but his girl's Wasp-ness bugs him. When he finds out that Keaton has a brother actually named Duane, he nearly collapses. When he visits her family in the Midwest, he envisions himself at the dinner table in full orthodox regalia with flat hat and side curls. Something about this paranoia strikes me as vaguely dated, a touch of 1950s Lenny Bruce provincialism on the subject of Jews. I don't suggest that anti-Semitism is dead in the US or that non-Jews aren't conscious of Jews as such. And I'm not judging by New York alone: I do get out of NY once in a while, out of urban centers. Partly for that very reason I think that Allen is clinging to something that has at least subsided, though not died—clinging to it, perhaps, because it's still good for *eiron* comedy. Whatever his motive, in the moment with which he is dealing, in the society through which this character moves, his hypersensitivity about being Jewish seems more his problem than his society's.

Keaton is more appealing than before and is very well costumed by Ruth Morley and Ralph Lauren. There's something fundamentally weak in her, uncommanding, as personality and certainly as actress, but Allen has—apparently—been working with her and has helped her develop an equivalent of his broken-arc, simultaneously triple-thinking delivery. She sings two songs, pleasantly enough but more well-coached than affecting.

Colleen Dewhurst is miscast as Keaton's Wasp mother: the Irish amazon seems as inappropriate in that household as Allen himself. Christopher Walken is—again—wasted in the small part of Keaton's glumly neurotic brother. Shelley Duvall is one of Allen's random bedmates; thank heaven, she isn't naked in the bed scene or it would be more incredible than it is.

Annie Hall is more of a writer-performer's triumph *over* film than a triumph *in* it. Still, in the desert of these days, it's a small oasis.

Gershwin, Part IV

Porgy and Bess

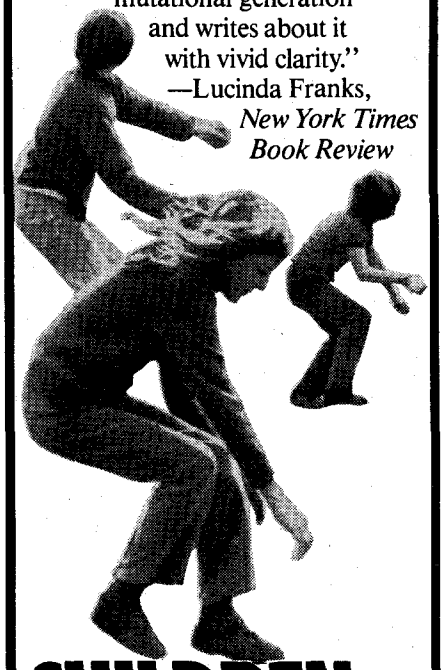
In these articles I have been occupied with the curious cloud of mystery that has hung over George Gershwin's serious works, from the time of their composition until now. That the cloud should be thickest around the most recent, most ambitious, perhaps most famous—and, one would therefore assume, most accessible and unmysterious—of these works might at first glance seem odd. But anyone who has looked into Gershwin's career and reputation soon learns to accept such oddities as the norm.

Porgy and Bess has always been a thorn in the side of critics who were irritated by Gershwin's aspirations to be a serious composer and, far more justifiably, by the journalistic ballyhoo that attended the premiere of each new work. As late as 1955 B. H. Haggin wrote that "Gershwin's career as a serious composer represented the fallacious idea that since he was an outstanding writer of distinctively American show tunes, he was the man to write the distinctively American symphony and opera, and those show tunes were the material to make it out of." *Porgy and Bess*, Haggin added, "represents the additional fallacy, that because the American Negro has contributed to the amalgam of Broadway show music, Broadway show tunes are the right musical medium for any drama about Negroes." But of course these "fallacies" have no more to do with *Porgy and Bess* than what was written in the teens and '20s about Stravinsky and the machine-music of the future had to do with *Sacre du printemps*. Gershwin was not trying to write just any drama about American Negroes, or—a few of his rash utterances to the contrary notwithstanding—the distinctively American opera (whatever that may be). Artists, like the rest of us, say silly things occasionally, and what Gershwin was trying to write was simply the opera he wrote, a "folk opera," as he called it, that would blend musical materials in a new way. How well he succeeded

"A devastating social portrait of Belfast."*

"A profoundly moving book about children damaged by 'Troubles' in Ulster...vitally important."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Morris Fraser observed, treated, and analyzed children both inside the hospital and out on the street....He is a thorough and painstaking student of this mutational generation and writes about it with vivid clarity."
—Lucinda Franks, *New York Times Book Review*



CHILDREN IN CONFLICT

Morris Fraser

Foreword by Anthony Storr

"The most important book ever written on Northern Ireland."
—Albert J. Menendez, *Church and State*

"Dr. Fraser has both intelligence and goodwill. His book ought to be read aloud to anyone who feels competent to make a snap judgment on the Ulster horrors."—C.P. Snow

$8.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher

BASIC BOOKS, INC.

*Kirkus Reviews

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depends not on *a priori* (and arbitrary) critical laws but, as with any work of art, on a close and informed experience of what he actually produced.

The problem is that with *Porgy and Bess* that experience has been, and still is, very hard to come by. I recall, as an adolescent, having the strong impression that *Porgy and Bess* was in some way flawed or incomplete: Gershwin had not finished it or not orchestrated it (that again!) or, at any rate, one would never hear it all, as he intended it to be heard. The mere existence of the vocal score, which was in our local library, should have testified to the work's completeness. Yet the notion that there was something radically wrong with *Porgy and Bess* was not just my private fantasy—as I have verified by checking with musical friends of about my age. In thinking the work was incomplete we were probably responding, confusedly, to what we had read about its having been a failure at its first performance and having always been heard, then and subsequently, in cut form. But our sense of *Porgy and Bess*'s inaccessibility was wholly justified. In spite of the many successful (though cut) revivals, a Goldwyn movie, and the innumerable records of selections and highlights, until 1976 there was never a complete recording. Even more important, the orchestral score has never been published in any form. If the existing vocal score, which sells for the pleasant round sum of $25, were like the vocal scores of other operas, the unavailability of an orchestral score might seem only an inconvenience to specialists. But while the vocal scores of other operas present all the vocal lines and a reasonably complete version of the orchestral part, reduced to two staves so as to be playable on the piano, the vocal score of *Porgy and Bess* frequently, and with no possible justification, simply omits what Gershwin wrote for the orchestra. If you turn to page 197, for example, you will find "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'" in the vocal part but in the piano staves you will see only an oom-pah accompaniment: there is no hint of the witty, enchanting woodwind writing that plays such an important part in the song's total effect; the notes are just not there—though they easily could be without rendering the piano part unplayable or even difficult.

What is one to do? After more than 40 years, one can at last hear the opera complete, thanks to last year's recording by Lorin Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra, with Willard White and Leona Mitchell in the title roles (London OSA 13116), and the very successful Houston Opera Company production, which was slightly cut the night I saw it in Boston, has been recorded by RCA Victor, the recording to be issued this spring. But if one really wants to study *Porgy and Bess*, and particularly to study Gershwin's growing mastery of the orchestra, the vocal score is virtually useless. One can either purchase a xerox of Gershwin's beautifully prepared 564-page manuscript score from the Library of Congress or one can attempt to rent a score from the Tams-Witmark Music Library in New York, which handles the performing rights to *Porgy*. Since I wanted a score to keep, and since I liked the idea of seeing the notes as Gershwin himself wrote them, I chose the former course. Because I had read what was written about *Porgy and Bess* instead of listening to as much of it as was available on records, I had always thought of it as something of an embarrassment—despite my fondness for *Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris* and parts of *Concerto in F*. But several months of listening to the Maazel recording and studying Gershwin's manuscript score have brought me to the unexpected but firm conviction that *Porgy and Bess* is not only Gershwin's finest work but is also a fine opera, better than most both musically and dramatically. Randall Jarrell once defined a novel as a long piece of prose fiction that has something wrong with it. If it weren't for the existence of those two perfect operas, *Figaro* and *Falstaff*, one might be tempted to define an opera as a long piece of musical fiction that has something wrong with it. Certainly there is a good deal wrong with *Porgy and Bess*. But there is a great deal more right with it, and that is what needs talking about because of the persistence of the inane complaints that have for so long been lodged against the work.

The most frequent such complaint, heard immediately after the premiere and recently parrotted by Harold Schonberg, is that *Porgy and Bess* is not an opera but merely a series of hit-tunes, stitched together with no regard for dramatic continuity. This is of course true of many more famous operas. But in fact it is not true of *Porgy and Bess*. Many of the opera's best tunes—Serena's "My Man's Gone Now," for example, or Sportin' Life's "There's A Boat dat's Leavin' Soon for New York"—are so firmly embedded in their dramatic contexts that they never could become hits, and many of the ones that did become hits are immensely enriched by their dramatic contexts. "It Ain't Necessarily So" is fine on any terms. But it is much finer if we have become acquainted with the pimp-pusher Sportin' Life and his very special relation to the pious, closely knit community of Catfish Row "small-town niggers" (as he scornfully calls them), and if we have watched the phrases that will comprise the song grow gradually out of the slithery chromatic figures associated from the beginning with him and with his attempts to peddle his "happy dust."

Similarly with "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," which is usually either naively celebrated as a piece of anti-materialistic gospel or just as naively attacked as a piece of cynicism or hypocrisy on the part of the frankly materialistic Gershwins. The song's harmonic pattern is first heard, played softly by the strings, behind Porgy's strangely moving invocation to the dice during the crap game in Act I. The song itself appears fully formed in Act II, as Porgy's carefree response to the fisherman Jake's declaration that he must take his boat out, even in the face of hurricane warnings, if he is to earn the money to give his children a college education. We recall Porgy's luck in the crap game, and his song seems the celebration of the far more significant stroke of the same luck that has, in the interim, brought him Bess. Jake will die in the storm, but at the end of the opera, after Bess has abandoned him, Porgy has, precisely, nothing—except for his goat-cart and the pathetic hope that drives him to leave for New York in search of Bess. The opera offers no simple endorsement of either man's attitude, and it is made clear at the time of the song that Porgy has not always felt this way: immediately after it, the women comment on how much he has changed since Bess has come to live with him.

Finally there is the incomparable "Summertime," which, a newcomer to the opera is surprised to learn, comes at the very beginning, sung by Jake's wife Clara to their child. Why throw away a great tune so early? So that it can be brought back repeatedly in varied dramatic contexts: counterpointed against the men's crap-game chanting to give an idea of the tensions within Catfish Row, sung by Clara during the hurricane, and finally sung by Bess after Clara has gone out into the storm to search for (and die with) Jake, leaving her baby with Bess and thus giving community sanction to the change, albeit temporary, in Bess's way of life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another (and complementary) complaint about *Porgy and Bess* concerns the recitatives. Haggin, for example, objected not only to the inappropriately Broadwayish tunes "that don't acquire any meaning connected with Negroes in Catfish Row," but also to the fact that "we have these tunes alternating with even more glaringly incongruous material in styles borrowed from grand opera—like the recitative in which Catfish Row Negroes sing such facts as that they will have to get up at five o' clock the next morning." Actually, there is no recitative in *Porgy and Bess* in which anybody says (or sings) that, yet one can certainly sympathize with Haggin's objection to trivial words portentously intoned. But opera is a highly stylized art, after all, and the words to the recitatives (and for that matter the arias) of most operas, even great ones, are pretty trivial, taken in themselves. We usually hear them in another language, though, and so it is easy to keep our attention where it belongs, on the music. This is of course harder with opera in English, and especially hard for Americans with an opera that taps so many familiar musical sources and plays with familiar racial stereotypes. As a result, no one ever talks about the music going on behind the recitatives in *Porgy and Bess*, music that is, for the most part, inventive, intelligent, and wonderfully contrived to project and clarify the dramatic action. Moreover, the common idea of *Porgy and Bess* as a series of Broadway hit-tunes "alternating" with operatic recitatives is simply a misconception, probably spawned by the fact that the opera has almost always been heard in cut form. When we hear it in its entirety one of the first things that becomes clear is that Gershwin has not created a pat alternation of songs and recitatives but a series of long, carefully shaped musical and dramatic sequences in which the line between song and recitative is purposely left unclear most of the time. Especially impressive are the crap game in Act I that culminates in Robbins's murder, Bess's encounter with Crown on Kittiwah Island in Act II, and her recovery from delirium later in the same act.

Finally there is the complaint that Gershwin, as a white man, had no right to compose a black opera and thus arrogantly to set himself up as a spokesman for blacks. Shortly after the premiere Virgil Thomson, in a burst of illogic, announced that "Folk-lore subjects recounted by an outsider are only valid as long as the folk in question is unable to speak for itself, which is certainly not true of the American Negro in 1935." Nor was it true of Spaniards and Spanish gypsies 60 years earlier, but one is grateful that such fine scruples did not keep Bizet from composing *Carmen*. Yet this sort of thing continues to be said. Only a few years ago Charles Schwartz, in *Gershwin: His Life and Music*, cited an article Gershwin had published in the *Times* in 1935 in an attempt to defend himself and his opera against the very mixed reviews, and objected to Gershwin's talking "about his novel use of 'Negro' material, almost as if he were spokesman for black musical America." But what Gershwin had said, in his characteristically confused and naively egotistical prose, was this:

> *Because* Porgy and Bess *deals with Negro life in America it brings to the operatic form elements that have never before appeared in opera and I have adapted my method to utilize the drama, the humor, the superstition, the religious fervor, the dancing and the irrepressible high spirits of the race. If, in doing this, I have created a new form, which combines*

Illustration courtesy of the American Antiquarian Society

The American way of aging.

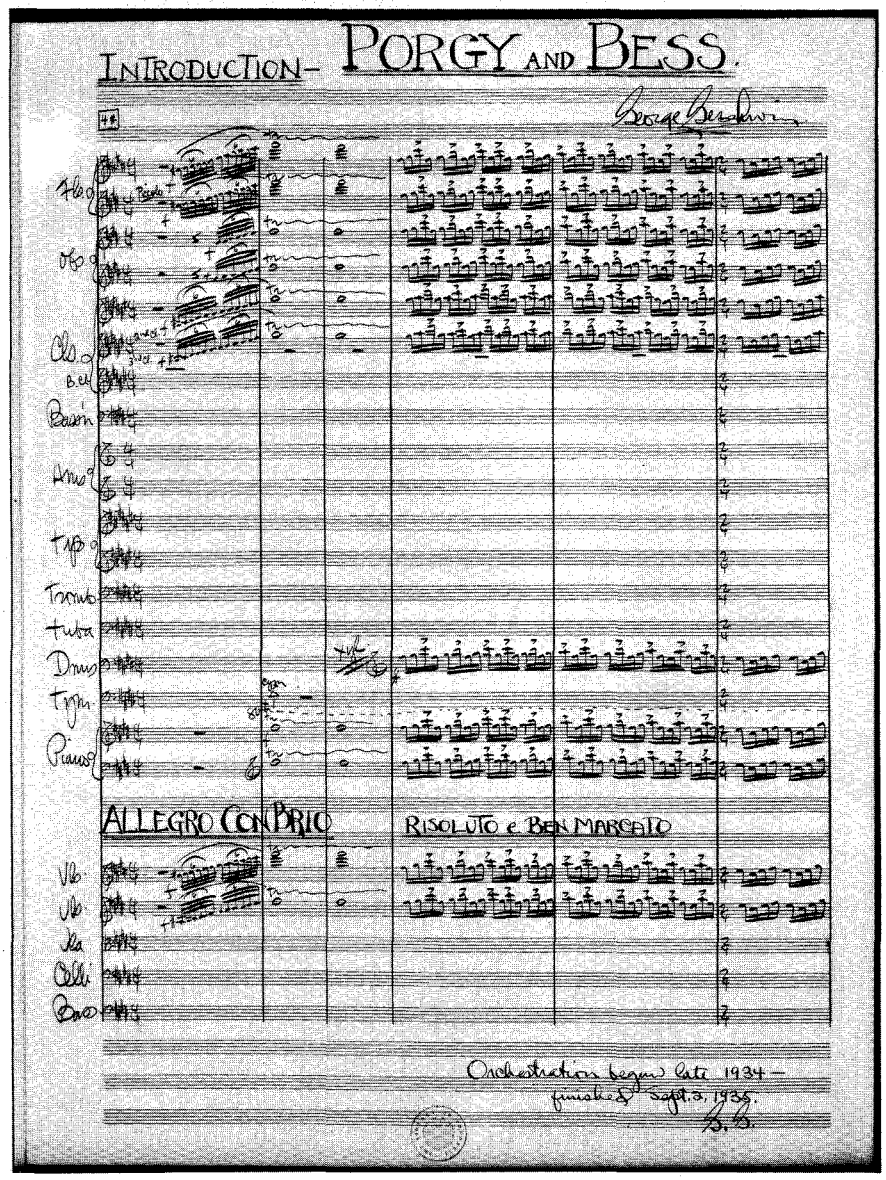
In the colonial era, Americans venerated the old; today they worship the young. How and why did this dramatic shift take place? David Hackett Fischer seeks answers by examining the process of aging as it has been experienced in America, past and present.

"A masterful contribution to a whole new area of social history."—*Roger Lane, Haverford College*

"The best study on the meaning of aging ever to appear."
—*Bertram Wyatt-Brown, Case Western Reserve University*

GROWING OLD IN AMERICA
David Hackett Fischer
Illustrated, $10.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Library of Congress

opera with theater, this new form has come quite naturally out of the material.

Nothing is easier than to throw rocks at other people's racial attitudes from the comfortable distance of 40 years. But no one who knows anything about Gershwin's life—especially no one who knows as much as Schwartz does—could reasonably suppose him to have been a racist. What comes through his awkward attempt at modesty is the firm stress on "my method" and the "new form" which (just possibly) "I have created." In composing *Porgy and Bess* Gershwin was, as always and with complete justification, acting as spokesman for nobody but himself.

The criticism of *Porgy and Bess* has thus been a dreary mix of ignorance and arbitrariness. Now that we can at last hear the opera complete—even though the mysterious continued unavailability of an orchestral score remains a serious drawback—perhaps we can hope for better things. Yet the Maazel recording, indispensable because complete, is a disappointment. Like most of the Maazel records and performances I have heard, it is marked by a pervasive impersonality and rhythmic deadness. The singers are fine but too studied, and the magnificent Cleveland Orchestra is simply too big. Gershwin's scoring is for the most part light and deft, and there are many details—for example, his frequent use of the piano to reinforce ensembles, as in a theater orchestra—which show that he had nothing like the massed power of the Cleveland string forces in mind. On the recording the piano is often omitted or drowned out; also drowned out are many of the frequent, witty interpolations by solo brass or winds. At several points the score demands a graceful lead-in from the violins or cellos, but the size of the Cleveland string sections compels Maazel to substitute a solo violin or cello, which produces a distractingly fussy and precious chamber-music sound, a shift in sonority without any musical justification.

The "complete" version recorded for Columbia in 1951 by Lehman Engel and a studio orchestra was recently (though no longer) available in a fake-stereo version. It has better, more spontaneous singing and far more rhythmic life, but there are about 40 cuts, ranging from single bars to whole scenes.

Even better is the single record of great scenes, done about the same time as the Engel recording but still available on RCA Victor LSC-2679, featuring Leontyne Price, William Warfield, McHenry Boatwright, and the great jazz dancer John W. Bubbles, whom Gershwin himself selected to create the role of Sportin' Life. Price, Warfield, and Boatwright are dramatically powerful and totally convincing, and Bubbles is an absolute wonder and a delight, his aging voice still instinctively shaping every phrase with a grace and plasticity that the Lorin Maazels of this world should attend to. Slyly persuasive, evil and yet joyous, the invitation "Come on, Bess!" that Bubbles extends at the end of "There's a Boat dat's Leavin' Soon for New York" actually makes the whole escapade sound like fun—though we are in no doubt about what he is up to or what sort of life Bess faces up north. Also, the orchestra, an appropriately sized studio group led by Skitch Henderson, plays the music better than I have ever heard it played. The sad law of *Porgy and Bess* recordings, which one hopes will be repealed by the forthcoming RCA Victor one of the Houston production, seems to be that their musical value and authenticity vary in inverse proportion to their completeness.

Finally there is a very special recording of a rehearsal of a few selections from the opera that Gershwin held in the summer of 1935, even before he had finished the orchestration, just to see how his music sounded. This recording was unearthed from Ira Gershwin's private archives by Edward Jablonski, co-author with Lawrence D. Stewart of *The Gershwin Years*, and is now available on Mark 56 667. The orchestra sounds ragged because of course it does not know the music well, but the singers, all from the original cast, are magnificent, and hearing Gershwin shape the music as he conducts from the piano gives a very clear idea of how he wanted it to sound.

What we need now is a complete recording of *Porgy and Bess* that is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoroughly idiomatic in precisely the sense that the best recent recordings of Bach and Monteverdi have striven to be idiomatic. The orchestra must be medium-sized, the solo wind and brass players must have had jazz and pit-band experience, and Gershwin's tempo and expression markings must be heeded—as they frequently are not by Maazel. Also, the word "nigger," which recurs constantly throughout the libretto, always with dramatic justificaiton and functioning as a kind of unifying force because of the variety of changes rung on it, should be restored in place of the pallid substitutes that Ira Gershwin dutifully supplied some 20 years ago. The album booklet that comes with Maazel's recording shows him artily photographed, his handsome profile tilted slightly upwards in contemplation of the Higher Truth, and beneath the photograph there is a pretentious statement, presumably by Maazel, all about how *Porgy and Bess* is really an *opera*, and how "Gershwin's compassion for individuals is Verdian, his comprehension of them, Mozartean." But none of this big thinking and big talking enabled Maazel to play Gershwin's music one quarter as well as an experienced studio and danceband leader like Skitch Henderson. It's absurd to put Gershwin in a class with Mozart and Verdi as an opera composer—Bellini or Donizetti might be a better choice. But it's equally absurd to go on furiously objecting, as Haggin has done for years, to *Porgy and Bess* and to Gershwin's whole career as a serious composer for the most transparently *a priori* reasons, or to patronize him as Virgil Thomson has done, as "our little Georgie," who "couldn't orchestrate for shucks" but whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his musical heart was really pure." George Gershwin was an enormously gifted minor composer who accomplished a great deal in his short life. His scores should be restored, as far as possible, to their original form, and performers should study and emulate the surviving recordings that he made of his own works. These are the simplest requirements of ordinary historical justice.

William Youngren

William Youngren teaches English at Boston College and writes on music for *The Hudson Review*. This is the fourth and last of his series on the major works of George Gershwin.

The staggering cost of capitulation.

POLAND IN THE 20TH CENTURY

M.K. Dziewanowski. For centuries the Poles have struggled against the attempts of partitioning powers to Germanize or Russify them. This richly detailed history reaches back to the tenth century to expose the roots of political ideologies which have flourished in Poland and to explain better her paradoxical status: geopolitically part of the Communist orbit, culturally and economically tied to the West. $14.95

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CZECHOSLOVAKIA
The Meanings of Its History

Josef Korbel. A former member of the Czech diplomatic service here unravels two intertwining but contradictory themes in Czech history: fierce pursuit of human freedom and, on the other hand, a tendency to yield without struggle to foreign onslaught. A penetrating inside view that draws upon previously classified Communist documents and memoranda. $14.95

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
136 South Broadway, Irvington, New York 10533

Books Considered

Terrorism
by Albert Parry
(Vanguard; $17.50)

Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies
by Frederick J. Hacker
(Norton; $9.95)

Political terrorism was not always synonymous with a readiness for indiscriminate murder. Before 1917 Russian revolutionaries, except for the devil's disciples of Nechayev immortalized by Dostoyevsky, were selective in their targets. Consequently they were respected even by radicals who opposed individual acts of terror against the Czarist regime. The photograph of Sofyia Perovskaya, the young woman who was executed for her part in the assassination of Alexander I, could be seen in many liberal homes. She was viewed as a misguided but heroic figure. In the United States socialist enemies of anarchism did not dismiss Alexander Berkman as a cowardly thug for his attempt on the life of Henry Clay Frick during the Pittsburgh steel strike. I recall a socialist gathering attended by Emma Goldman and Berkman after the latter's release from prison at which the pair were received with more curiosity than disapproval, though Berkman's act had not been condoned. And certainly the 17 year-old Polish Jew, Herschl Grynzpan, who killed a Nazi official in 1938 after the first round-up of Polish Jews, has entered the roster of Jewish martyrs.

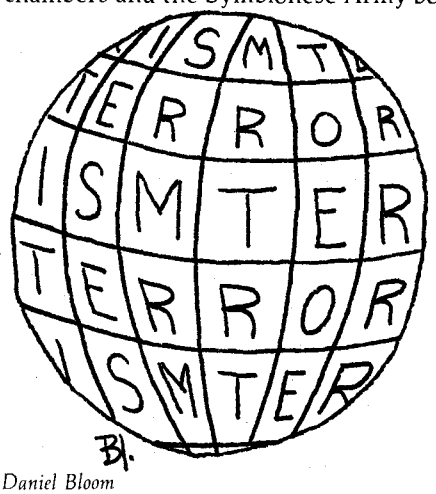
Contemporary political terrorism—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the kind that makes the daily headlines—has little in common with the acts mentioned. It is a new phenomenon not only in its command of previously undreamed of technological resources but in its deliberately random nature. The victims may be Puerto Rican nuns, passengers on a highjacked plane, schoolchildren or passersby, none of them known to the terrorist and seized haphazardly for the number of bodies that can be held hostage. No apparent relationship between the victim and the grievance his capture is supposed to redress need exist. This wanton terror is given a rationale by its practitioners through the implication of all society in whatever sin is to be expiated. In this accounting an infant or old woman must equally atone for the evils of the system—be it Zionism, capitalism, imperialism or whatever. The more numerous and innocent the victims the greater the profit in publicity. Nor need the individual terrorist assume any risk; a bomb in an airport locker or a building assures anonymity to the perpetrator though not to the organization which takes the credit. The familiar story of the Russian terrorist who failed to throw a bomb into the carriage of a Grand Duke he had been stalking because the Duke was unexpectedly accompanied by his wife and children indicates the change in moral sensibility. It is instructive to note that the revolutionary committee which had assigned the mission exculpated the terrorist for his scruples.

Albert Parry's book provides a comprehensive history of terrorism since the French revolution. Written with ease and covering a huge canvass, it makes good reading. Specialists in given fields may enter their caveats but the practice of terror by modern dictatorships or terrorist bands such as the IRA, PLO, Tupamaros, Weathermen and others is described with a wealth of fascinating detail. The ideologists of violence from Marx and Bakunin on through Fanon and Guevara, and not omitting Herbert Marcuse, also get their innings through apt quotations. If anything, we get an embarrassment of riches. The positions of Marx and Lenin on terrorism are ambiguous; however, Parry conscientiously offers quotations from both sides of the coin. Not that the author's attitude is ever in doubt. He is refreshingly straightforward in his evaluations. His view of the immense range of material with which he deals can be crystallized in the epigraph for his book: "Revolutionaries who take the law into their own hands are terrifying not as villains, but as mechanisms out of control, as runaway machines" (Boris Pasternak).

A question suggested by an encyclopedic work of this kind is whether the categories are not too inclusive. Should Robespierre's guillotine, Stalin's purges, Mao's executions, Hitler's gas chambers and the Symbionese Army be



Daniel Bloom

subsumed under the same general title? Admittedly reigns of terror claim immeasurably more victims than do terrorist bands. If we extend the concept further we must grant that the carnage of war exceeds that of any government. Devout vegetarians will deplore man's terrorism against brute nature. And in the terrorist lexicon the assorted ills of capitalism or imperialism loom as more oppressive and sanguinary than any sporadic act of violence. While a perception of the underlying violence of social and political systems may be intellectually and rhetorically gratifying, a blurring of distinctions takes us too far afield. Parry's book is an excellent guide to the bloody doings of our time and as such is full of interest, yet not only semantic purism makes me wish for stricter definitions. If we seek the stamping-out of smallpox, the fact that cancer is the greater curse and that there is no cure for aging may contribute to our understanding of the pathology of disease but not to the specific problem under discussion.

Frederick Hacker generally keeps within the accepted ramifications of his theme. He divides terrorists logically into three groups; the emotionally disturbed, the patently criminal, and the political terrorists with a cause. As a psychiatrist with impressive credentials, Hacker approaches his subject from the vantage point of his expertise. In a detailed chart six pages long the author dissects the psyche and anticipated responses of the various terrorist types. On the basis of his presumed insight into terrorist behavior Hacker has been consulted by private families and governments for guidance in a crisis. The Hearst family turned to him for counsel. So did the West German officials after the massacre at the Olympic games in Munich.

The author's professional advice as how to deal with each type is bolstered by intriguing accounts of negotiations he conducted to a happy outcome. He also analyzes the behavior pattern of the victim. Hacker warned the Hearsts of Patty's probable identification with her captors—a process he calls the "rape of the mind" as the result of physical coercion and a common bond of shared danger. Many readers will recall how Jewish hostages, singled out by Arab highjackers for captivity in the desert while non-Jews were sheltered in hotels in Amman, nevertheless subsequently assured reporters that they had been well treated. This perverse relationship between victim and victimizer apparently springs from something more complex than fear of retaliation.

The reader is irreverently tempted to wonder whether the sympathy which often develops between hostage and captor may not extend to the relationship between terrorist and negotiator. Is even an objective psychiatrist wholly immune to "rape of the mind?" Scrupulously avoiding value judgments, Hacker establishes a kind of parity between the offender and offended, for both are aggrieved—the old business about my heteredoxy is your doxy or whose ox is being gored! Again, finer distinctions would be in order.

The author insists throughout on the importance of including trained psychiatrists on any negotiating team. As an example of the worth of the psychiatric approach he cites his role in the episode in 1973 when Arab terrorists seized a group of Russian Jews en route to Schönau, a transit camp in Austria for refugees bound for Israel. Counselled by Hacker, the negotiators astutely played for time. Finally Bruno Kreisky, the Austrian chancellor, capitulated to the Arab demand that Schönau be closed; the hostages were released and the terrorists departed in a plane provided by the Austrians. Hacker takes undisguised pride in this demonstration of his negotiating skills. That a sovereign government changed its policy in response to terrorist pressure seems to him a minor consideration, and he views Israel's indignation at this surrender as graceless.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not surprisingly, Hacker strongly disapproves of Israel's rescue operation at Entebbe. Israel should have yielded to the demand for the release of imprisoned terrorists, among them the Japanese who took part in the Lydda massacre. Had Israel done so the hostages would have been safe, since the highjackers had already proven their good will by releasing a majority of the victims. Hacker does not bother to point out that this "majority" consisted of non-Jews. Only the over 100 Jews remained captive—an ominous circumstance that precipitated Israel's action. Though Hacker's concern for the risks in Israel's feat is consistent with his belief that the paramount objective of negotiation should be to minimize the loss of life to either side, he curiously abandons his scientific detachment to deplore, in accents reminiscent of UN rhetoric, that "Israel's authorities had used cunning and deceit to invade a sovereign country."

The author's specific recommendation is something that he calls "precommission bargaining." Under this arrangement offenders would be legally granted equal status as negotiating partners before they commit a crime, and the fulfillment of a negotiated agreement would be guaranteed by an authorized agency. This plan seems as questionable as the counsel to release imprisoned terrorists on demand or, as in the Schönau affair, that governments yield to blackmail in matters of principle. Were terrorists to operate within previously proclaimed legal safeguards the vulnerability of society would increase. Contrary to Hacker's view, Israel's firm stance has made her a less attractive target. Though the policy has claimed its victims, little imagination is required to visualize the infinitely greater loss of life were it abandoned.

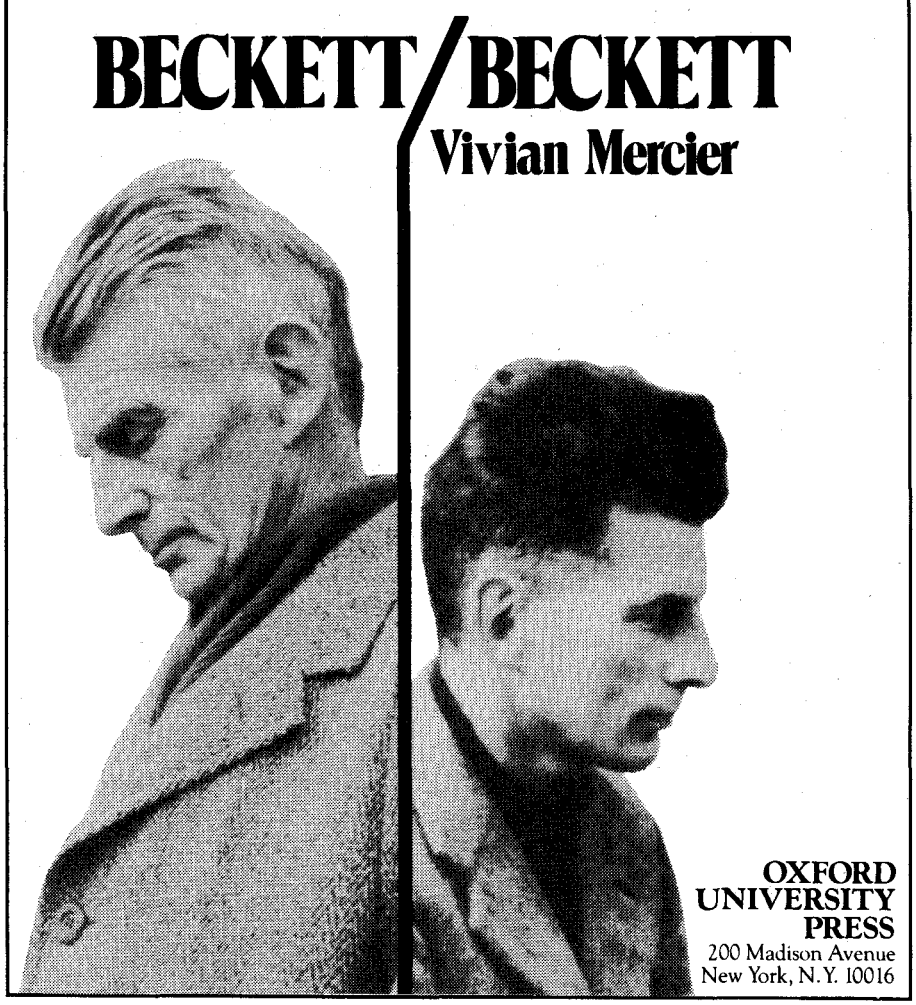
"Counter-terrorism is not the remedy for terrorism but its counterpart and mirror image. The cure is worse than the disease." Allowing for this dubious equation, what then is the cure? We get a pat answer: "Appropriate social action to remove the social, political and psychological causes of the experience of remediable injustice." This sounds more like an incantation than a prescription. Who would determine the "injustice?" To make the votaries of the Ku Klux Klan or the Baader-Meinhoff gang the arbiters of national policy is surely more perilous than the immediate threat involved in a confrontation.

At the opposite end, Albert Parry is fully aware of the menace posed by the terrorist internationale, whose headquarters in Syria and Lebanon attracts recruits from countries as diverse as Germany, Ireland, Cuba, Japan and the United States for training in Arab camps. Though the world once stamped out piracy through concerted action Parry rightly despairs of the UN: too many of its members finance and support the PLO and its allies. Nevertheless, the proliferation of ethnic grievances may give some nations, who righteously sponsored violence as long as Israel was the sole target, pause. Recent incidents show that Russia has cause to worry about disgruntled Croatians or Yugoslavs; Saudi Arabia may be getting nervous about its clients; and even Libya managed to lose a diplomat in a coup against officials of OPEC. The Golem may turn on its creators.

A measure often vainly proposed is that airlines refuse to service countries that finance or give sanctuary to terrorists. Nearly every terrorist episode concludes with a demand for a plane to Libya, South Yemen or some other purveyor of havens. Qaddaffi's hospitality to terrorists of assorted political stripes is notorious. In view of the major role of the Western

The faces of Beckett

Combining a provocative dialectical method with a personal approach to the Nobel Prize author's background and works, Vivian Mercier explores aspects of Beckett's work that are often overlooked or obscured by stereotypes—for example, his neo-classicism and affinities with Racine. "Mercier has the privileged Irish-French background and the literary keenness to track Beckett steadily and effortlessly...a fine study."—Roger Shattuck $11.95



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracies in international aviation a boycott of countries that flagrantly serve as sanctuaries would be a practical step toward extirpating this contemporary scourge—or rather it would be practical if Arab oil were not the more persuasive consideration.

Still another step would be to strip the aura of social activist from every self-proclaimed "revolutionary" who harangues the world with a grenade in his hand and hostages at his feet. Political terrorism, whatever its objective, spawns in the tacit sympathy extended to all who claim to be the wretched of the earth, even if the claim be spurious or put forward at the expense of those more wronged. In their receptiveness to rationales for atrocities committed in the name of a cause, liberals have been as remiss as unabashed advocates of terror on the extreme left. Apparently, Hacker's "rape of the mind" extends far beyond the periphery of the immediate victims.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin is the author of *Blessed Is The Match, The Story of Jewish Resistance*, originally published by Knopf, and recently reissued as a paperback by the Jewish Publication Society.

Hard Labor: Poems by Cesare Pavese translated by William Arrowsmith

(Grossman/Viking; $8.95)

The greatest novel written in Italy in the years shortly after World War II is Cesare Pavese's *The Moon and the Bonfire*. Brief as it is—under 200 pages—it seems finer as time goes on than anything by the better-known Moravia or Silone or Pratolini or Vittorini. Yet, even in Italy, Pavese has never had a wide popularity—though his mysterious suicide at the height of his powers created for some years a personal cult. His nine novels plus a philosophical dialogue, a selection of his letters and a fragmentary journal have all been translated into English yet neither in England nor this country have they created the recognition they deserve: and only a few years ago a popular paperback, Sergio Pacifici's *A Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature* failed to give Pavese more than passing mention.

The publication, finally, of a translation of Pavese's earliest literary production, a volume of poems written in the '30s, may find him some new readers. In William Arrowsmith's sensitive and unpretentious rendering much of the tone of the originals is preserved, and even in translation they convey a unique literary personality. When the first edition was published in 1936 it was cold-shouldered by the Italian critics who did not know what label to give it—it was neither in the lush and emotional style of D'Annunzio or swaggeringly experimental like the futurists or like the "hermetic" utterances of poets like Montale who met the demands of an outrageous time with a poetry of "suffered silence." It was simply provincial and plebian in language and subject, a poetry that had chosen, as Pavese himself said, to "converse with peasants, working men and women, sand-diggers, prostitutes, convicts and kids." To the shoddy grandiloquence of fascism the poems responded with a studied anti-eloquence, a country plainness which was more unacceptable to the formal tradition of Italian poetry than we in America, with a poetic taste rooted in Whitman, can imagine possible. The American literary tradition had been, in fact, an instrument of Pavese's self-liberation; his degree thesis at the University of Turin had been "The Poetry of Walt Whitman," and even before he had published any writing of his own he had begun the remarkable series of translations, continued throughout his life, which brought Melville, Faulkner, Gertrude Stein, Anderson, Lewis, Masters and Dos Passos to Italian readers. Though it is incorrect to look for direct imitations of such models in his own writing America became, particularly in the fascist years, a political symbol of freedom for Pavese as for other Italians. Our literature also seemed to him to represent an enviable condition of *literary* freedom, of linguistic and stylistic democracy.

Pavese had of course admired the work of the great Sicilian realist, Giovanni Verga, who had influenced a whole generation of writers of fiction, and he was familiar with the poets who had used regional dialect. But he was more than a poetic neo-realist. His poems had a subtlety and reserve that hid an interior vibration beneath the concrete language of description, strangely moving the reader he hardly knew how. The fascists, rightly, felt there was something subversive about the poems, though it was hard to find overt political references, and the censor had to be content with forbidding publication of a few on "moral" grounds. Pavese was arrested on the vague charge of "anti-fascist-activities" when the journal of which he was an editor was suppressed in 1935, and he spent seven months of *confino* in a Calabrian village where he wrote more poems to be added to the second edition of his book.

For this publication he rearranged the collection in an attempt to create a unity. He was groping for larger, more elaborate structures than the individual lyric. But even reshuffled the collection did not have the cumulative pattern of the traditional *canzone*—or of *Leaves of Grass*. It was clear that only a novel could give scope to Pavese's complex expressive needs. He wrote prose fiction thereafter except for a brief period at the end of his life when he composed a few poignant love poems. But the early poems had already suggested the solutions that he would arrive at in his best fiction. His formal search began there. He thought at first that he had invented a new genre for which he used the term "poesia racconto," poem-story. Each poem was to be organized as exterior narrative rather than as a chart of inner mood. He strove for an "austerity" of style without sacrifice of intensity, realistic setting, characters, the sense of movement in time—the ingredients of a piece of realistic fiction. Later he thought that he had aimed at the impossible in seeking to eliminate all traces of the symbolic or the lyrical, and that the best specimens of this sort had been saved by their "close, possessive, passionate adherence to the object." Because of their brevity and intensity the ingredients of incident and description often took fire from one another, objectivity turned upon itself and became subjectivity and symbolism, as in the very early "South Seas." Here there is not a single rhetorical metaphor. It is a *story*—which anticipates the design of a number of Pavese's novels, including *The Moon and the Bonfire*—in which a boy from the village goes to sea and now comes back to walk about on the old hills, operate a garage, talk to the narrator, his cousin. The narrative,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

descriptive, linguistic elements fuse. The returned wanderer, "a giant dressed in white" suggests the explorer who has encountered the heart of nature's beauty and terror, having once shipped as fireman on a whaler, seen "the huge fins flying in the sunlight . . . the whales turning and running in a wild froth of blood, and the boats giving chase, and the great flukes rising and thrashing out against the harpoons."

Inevitably, Pavese found that "objective" narrative pressed towards description and that description went beyond the intensive rendering of sensations. He would relate how he had tried to write a poem about an imaginary hermit, "with the idea of showing how and why he had become a hermit," but the attempt at a life-story had given place to a "landscape" (the poem "Landscape I") which describes a hill whose upper level of barren ground and scorched rock where "work is no use" is contrasted with the lower slopes where the peasants labor in the vineyards. The poem moves back and forth, up and down; the peasants have no time to visit the hermit who lives at the top of the hill, though they think of him as they pause to take a drink of wine and raise their eyes while tilting the bottle; as the girls go by the peasants hoot at them and challenge them to burn themselves brown all over like the hermit. In the end Pavese created a symbolic world of "high" and "low" in this poem as he would in others in the collection in which hills figure—e.g. "Landscape II" where the vineyards of the upper slopes are contrasted with the lower; "things don't go to leaves up there, all the strength goes into the grape." The hilltops in one poem after another represent some symbolic condition of natural and human liberation from work and social order. Pavese's hilltop hermit is, as he himself acknowledged, a sort of "sublime joker" who somehow transcends the distinctions between the two kinds of experience.

As he finished his novel *The Moon and the Bonfire* he would note in his journal, "*La luna e il falo.* That is the title I have had in mind ever since the time of *Dio caprone* . . . . Sixteen years. I must put everything into it." Into the novel he put everything he had learned about life and art in the interval, but the ground-plan of his imagination was already set down in these poems written before the war and the fall of fascism. In "The Goat God" of 1933 Pavese writes about the peasant superstitions which hold that moonlight and bonfires fertilize the land, linking in a way that only the later novel fully realizes the energizing of nature and man. The poem suggests danger in the unbridled wildness of the Goat God as well as the promise of the harvest stimulated by the moon. In this poem, as in another, "August Moon," the moon is known to be a source of human and animal wildness, savagery. Pavese would look back over the terrible years of the war and make the bonfire image recur in the novel with a striking concreteness for the last time as the fire that has burnt to death a girl who betrayed the partisans. In the poem we have only the goat, gone wild looking for nannies, whose destructive energy is that of sexuality undisciplined by labor, like the sexuality of the leisure class to which the girl had belonged. "If you don't make an animal work, if you keep him only for stud, he likes to hurt, he kills," the poem had concluded.

Nothing is more ambivalent than Pavese's valuation of work. The peasants of these poems are bound to the work which brings in the harvest, sustains the rhythms of life and yet deadens, while the impulses of idleness are linked to both higher and lower ranges than that of the human norm. Pavese's title, *Lavorare stanca,* is translated by Arrowsmith as "hard labor" with connotations that the translator thinks desirable that remind one of prison experience—referred to in several of the poems. Literally, the words mean only "work is tiring," suggesting the function of work as a restraint placed upon the dangerous exuberance to which sexuality, consciousness, human energy generally may be prone.

The governing consciousness of "The Goat God" is that of a boy who comes in the summer to the country, the representative of the young Pavese, born on a farm near the village of Santo Stefano Belbo where his middle-class family came regularly for holiday from Turin. Pavese was to remain forever a dweller in two worlds, a sophisticated, university-educated intellectual who would later live in Rome and work as an editor for an important publisher, and the man who continued to think of himself as a Piedmontese, to identify with the village and the countryside on the Belbo river. His novels frequently employ the situation of the returned country boy. In these early poems the contraries of city and country create a primary tension. In "Sultry Lands," it is a young city man who describes the streets of the city to a country listener. In "The Country Whore," the memories of the girl, waking in the city in her soiled bed, bring back the farm smells of her childhood. "People Who Don't Understand" describes Gila, whose home is still in the country, who commutes to her city job on the train. She feels the impulse to go wild and give up work. "She'd wait until night, then wallow around in the grass and the mud. She'll never go back to the city. What she'd like is doing nothing . . . She'll live like a goat, she'll only eat the greenest shoots."

City and country, sophistication and simplicity, reason and instinct, tradition and spontaneity, work and play, force and passivity—these are the polarities of human experience which are engaged in these casual-seeming poems that Pavese wrote as a young man. They continued to occupy him and became the major themes of his novels with a profundity that the poems already suggest.

Millicent Bell

Millicent Bell has written biographic books and essays on Hawthorne, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Virginia Woolf, and John P. Marquand.

Thomas Szasz

The Theology of Medicine
The Political-Philosophical Foundations of Medical Ethics

"Presents a thoroughly libertarian medical ethics rooted in the thought of Socrates and John Stuart Mill. . . . his arguments are provocative and rewarding."—*Publishers Weekly* $8.95

Karl Kraus and the Soul-Doctors
A Pioneer Critic and His Criticism of Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis

"The compelling lucidity the author attributes to Kraus is found also in Szasz' words as the psychiatrist continues his crusade against involuntary psychiatric diagnosis and treatment."
—*Booklist* $9.95

Louisiana State University Press
Baton Rouge 70803

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Victorian Murderesses: A True History of Thirteen Respectable French And English Women Accused Of Unspeakable Crimes by Mary S. Hartman

(Schocken Books; $15)

They were, we are told, "in important ways ordinary women who found extreme solutions to ordinary problems": Madeline Smith, who tired of her lower-class lover and laced his hot chocolate with arsenic after attending the opera *Lucrezia Borgia*, Claire Reymond, who shot her husband's mistress with the scolding cry: "Wretch! I did it for you!"; Adelaide Bartlett, who maintained that the chloroform was to dab on her hanky to ward off her husband's unwelcome sexual advances and that she had no idea how he came to swallow a fatal dose.

This trio with lethal proclivities is among the improper Victorian ladies whose deadly activities are chronicled in *Victorian Murderesses*. No matter that they poisoned, stabbed, shot, suffocated, and bashed skulls of an assorted lot of unwanted husbands, rivals, lovers, babies, stepbrothers, and pupils. Still, their lives do serve to reflect, if magnified in a distorting mirror of troubled personalities, the frustrations of ordinary middle-class women adjusting to changing social codes and roles.

That, at least, is the contention of Mary S. Hartman, director of the Rutgers University Women's Studies Institute. She gives us a sprightly social history drawn from deathstyles rather than lifestyles. What other serious-minded, scholarly study of 19th Century women (and it is just that) can sport such fetching chapter titles as "Arsenic and Matrimony," "Sex and Shopkeeping," and "Poison, Revolvers, and the Double Standard?"

With such an entertaining approach to social history, it does seem ungrateful quibbling to point out that Hartman sometimes overreaches in search of a generalization even while tossing out caveats about atypical, aberrant behavior. Undoubtedly many young women shared a taste for popular romantic novels and love intrigue, but all didn't emulate the ruthless, lying Miss Smith, who abruptly ended her flirtation with a poor clerk who wanted more than sexual fun and games and pushed for a marriage that threatened her respectability. But Hartman does argue persuasively that socially-conditioned motives for murder prompted these lady-killers to seek their "extreme solutions" to common problems in Victorian middle-class homes.

The lives and trials of most of Hartman's homicidal women (only six were convicted; at least one probably was innocent) are familiar to connoisseurs of true-crime reconstructions in both fact and fiction. They were the celebrated cases of the years between the 1840s and 1890s. Sensational trials were spiced with intimate details of the bedchamber and a peek into private lives.

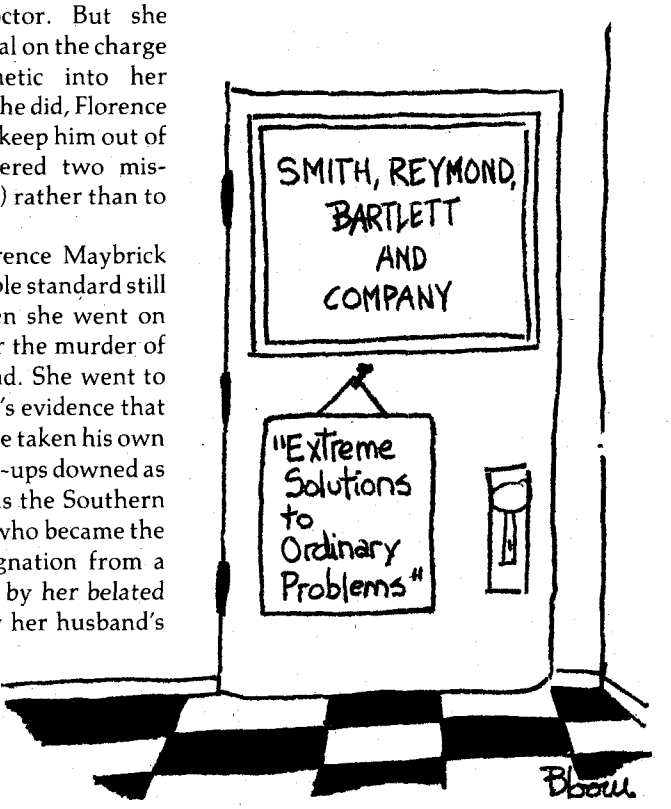
Women crowded courtrooms to listen to testimony that Madame Lafarge didn't like her oafish husband's sex, dirty fingernails, and floppy slippers and whipped up a poisoned cake to end the marriage arranged by her guardians. Florence Bravo confessed to a coroner's jury that she dyed her hair and had taken water-cures and continental trips with a fashionable society doctor. But she never was brought to trial on the charge of slipping tartar emetic into her husband's burgundy. If she did, Florence may have meant only to keep him out of her bed (she had suffered two miscarriages in four months) rather than to kill him outright.

The unfortunate Florence Maybrick was to find that the double standard still applied to adultery when she went on trial in the late 1880s for the murder of her philandering husband. She went to prison despite a druggist's evidence that James Maybrick may have taken his own poison in arsenic pick-me-ups downed as an aphrodisiac. Yet it was the Southern belle with the soft curls who became the target of outraged indignation from a public scandalized more by her belated adulterous fling than by her husband's 20-year extramarital liaison with a kept mistress who bore him five children. Mrs. Maybrick spent nearly 15 years in jail until the death of Queen Victoria, who sternly disapproved of the women's rights crusaders who took up Florence's cause. But none of the celebrated Victorian murderesses was a proto-feminist or social protester, Hartman points out. They had more personal reasons for murder.

Hartman is at her social historian's best when she examines public reaction to the crimes and trials as a barometer of shifting attitudes toward women's roles and rights. Victorian women, with no TV soap operas to fill their empty hours, flocked to courtrooms to learn about their notorious sisters. The trials inspired a flood of letters to newspapers, editorial sermons on morality, popular ditties, stage melodramas like "The Poisoner," and Madame Tussaud wax effigies.

The author raises the suspicion that schemers like Madeline Smith and Adelaide Bartlett deliberately tailored their public images to play on popular sympathies and stereotypes. Madeline cast herself as the innocent, passive young woman seduced by a beastly man below her "station." Adelaide was a wife whose husband was a sexual pervert and tried to renege on a platonic compact after providing an attractive, young clergyman for her companionship.

Would an examination of the 20th century's *affaires celebre* of crime reveal as much about modern morality and sex roles? What would be the social historian's perspective on the Hall-Mills



Daniel Bloom

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case with the choir singer and minister; the high-society triangle of Harry K. Thaw, Eveyln Nesbit, and Stanford White, Grace Brown's drowning in Big Moose Lake, which was *An American Tragedy* for Theodore Dreiser; Sam Sheppard and the elusive bushy-haired intruder and the women admirers who sent him cookies in jail; Dr. Bernard Finch and his frigid wife and red-haired receptionist, Carole Tregoff; Singer Claudine Longet and her ski-resort love nest? Perhaps Hartman will tell us.

By the way, I've checked. Hartman's husband, Edwin, was alive at last report.

Jean M. White

Jean M. White writes on mystery novels for the *Washington Post*.

Ackroyd
by Jules Feiffer

(Simon & Schuster; $8.95)

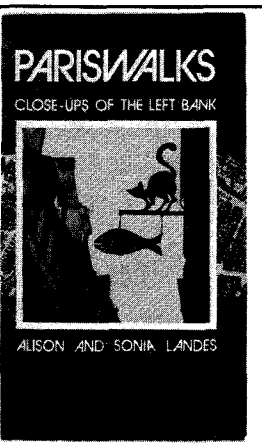
Woman: You're arguing with me.
Man: I'm not arguing with you. I'm just trying to make a point.
Woman: There is a difference between making a point and embarking on a sadistic attack.
Man: If sadism is equivalent to impartial judgment then I admit to being a sadist.
Woman: How easy to be flip when one precludes responsibility.
Man: How irresponsible of one so irresponsible to speak of irresponsibility.
Woman: Since you MUST project your own inadequacies into a discussion of the facts I see no point in carrying this further.
Man: How like you to use attack as a disguise for retreat.
Woman: Ah, but if we're not arguing as you so heatedly claim, what is it that I am retreating from?
Man: I'm getting a stomach-ache.
Woman: Me too.
Man: Let's knock off and go to a movie.

Anyone thinking themselves hip and being from the East would recognize the above non-dialogue (whatever happened to Harry Stack Sullivan?) as vintage Jules Feiffer, probably out of the '50s and possibly from the '60s, and most likely accompanied by one of his superbly cruel sets of cartoon panels from the *Village Voice*. That the lines come from *Feiffer's People: Sketches and Observations* and were written for the stage merely remind us that this was the time of Nichols and May, of pop psychology, assassinated presidents and napalm in our dreams. In one sense the passage is dated, because it is a bit too naive in its assumptions about how people gnaw at each other; in most senses it is impossible to date, for Feiffer appears to have sprung fullblown from the head of Adler and has been unchanged ever since. Sick, Sick, Sick.

Harry, the rat with women, is back, a little less secure than in 1963, but then we all are, and calling himself variously Roger Ackroyd and Roger Hollister and any number of other names. We meet him first as Ackroyd, and in a mock detective story, and clearly something is being said about Agatha Christie's Roger Ackroyd, and Edmund Wilson is being told that we do care who killed Roger, and all the murders are Little Murders. For Ackroyd deals with the way in which people kill each other with words, and with understanding, and with plain lies, and with all the weapons available to those who worry about communicating, or who they are, or what success is in America. The book begins with a young private detective who calls himself Ackroyd, and who is monumentally incompetent. Before the long story is over, he three times throws himself off the track by drinking too much at the crucial moment. On April 13, 1964—the entire book is presented as though it were a diary, more nearly a journal really, of the years 1964 to 1971—Annabelle Plante comes to see Ackroyd, and Ackroyd falls into such revery, neither he nor we ever fully understand what she wants to do for her. Eventually he solves a mystery of multiple disappearing parakeets, and beds her several times, and becomes acquainted with her son, with whom a possibly warm relationship develops, but mainly he finds himself in pursuit of Oscar Plante, the husband from whom she is separated. Called "Rags," Plante is "the Walter Lippmann of sportswriters." He wants to make himself the foremost best selling novelist in America. He also wants to find out why some people seem not to like him, and he is worried about some episode in his past for which the clue is two phrases written in his own notebook (or diary?) while drunk, "Tessie Toga" and "Big Chief Little Shit."

The reader is not permitted to know of these clues until toward the end of the book, however, and in the meantime Ackroyd goes through several transformations and divisions until he reminds one of a moral amoeba. Many other people run in and out of the book, including the Big O, named Kaufman, and Kaufman's wife and gross and cretinous daughters (that's two of them). In time we meet several people that an earlier generation would have described as "madcap," including a female political science professor at Skidmore College who attends classes in either making or drinking Molotov Cocktails.

All of this is very unclear and intentionally so. Ackroyd stumbles about gathering the kind of information Spade, Marlowe, Archer and Co. would have had in five minutes. Time passes. He shows up working for a private investigation agency and by mere ratiocination solves a tough case. He turns back to his growing obsession with the Plante/Kaufman case for a foolish while. More time passes. He is with CID in Vietnam, justifying the war. More time. He appears again, now a famous antiwar protester who has stolen some valuable documents and leaked them to the press, the one good thing he has done in his life. He now



Pariswalks. Walking tours, maps, photographs, lists of restaurants and hotels, and even the authors' favorite French recipes!

Send $4.50 to **New Republic Books**
Box P, 1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(D.C. residents add 5% sales tax.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pursues Kaufman's neurotic daughter Tina, who was once as thin as a board and is now grossly fat. Tina is—perhaps?—Plante's bedmate? Anyway, ultimately she is Hollister's, as Ackroyd now is. All of the characters who knew him in his earlier incarnation find it literally unremarkable that he has a different name. Finally, as he waits to see whether Tina will react with pleasure, anticipation, or coolness to a call from Rags, he prays God that the correct clue is coolness, goes into the kitchen "to make myself a drink; no, not a drink, a sandwich; no, not a sandwich. I stare at the white wall of the refrigerator hoping to come up with a clue to what I want to make myself." Finis.

If all this activity warranted Big Think, I would conclude that *Ackroyd* is an attempt to put into comic practice a combination of the insights of Harry Stack Sullivan and Jerome Bruner. Sullivan's concern with the schizophrenic, and his emphasis on anxiety, explains well enough the ways in which Roger/Robert/etc. become a kind of Doppelgänger to all the male figures in the book. Bruner's exhortation to understand language (and perhaps life?) as a series of clues, of codes that must be decoded—of education as putting into the hands of children the means by which they may decode their environment as a non-objective reality—is on every page here.

Truth is, all of this hugger mugger doesn't warrant Big Think. Anyone who feels that Saratoga Springs is Andy Hardy's America is out of touch with all of America except that part that resides on the island of Manhattan. There are a goodly number of funny lines here, and occasionally there are insights worth exploring, but the whole thing is presented like a great soggy bowl of raisin bran: there aren't enough raisins to make it worth while. The book ultimately is tedious, as are all those books which attempt by pyrotechnical use of language to keep one saying how clever it all is. Among researchers, among those scholars who publish with only university presses, there is a certain tone, and a decided apparatus—of heavy footnotes, bibliography, extensive acknowledgments—the message of which simply is, "My God, look at the research I've done!" In fiction, and especially in the firm of Feiffer, Berger, and Co., the message is "Look how witty the sad side of life can be made." Ultimately the use of language is so schizophrenic itself as to make us lose all sympathy with the message, if there is one, and with the characters, if they have any.

Still, perhaps I have missed the point. A vague anxiety overcomes me and I toss and turn wondering whether this is all satire on Scotty Reston? JFK? LBJ? Tristan and Iseult? Perhaps there are larger meanings, perhaps one's sense of humor is warped, perhaps the undertones of corruption are metaphors for the modern world, perhaps this is the *Red Badge of Courage* of this generation. Perhaps its really about a psychic answering service.

No.

Robin W. Winks

Robin W. Winks, mystery chronicler for *TNR*, is professor of history at Yale.

Unfinished Journey by Yehudi Menuhin

(Knopf; $12.50)

Yehudi Menuhin was the foremost child prodigy of the violin of this century—and perhaps since Paganini. His phenomenal success as a child and a young boy has yet to be repeated. His encounters with Georges Enesco, Willa Cather and the cultural milieu of pre-World War II Europe should be intriguing, especially as they are reformulations of childhood and adolescent, rather than adult, remembrances. Since childhood Menuhin has gone on not only to play the violin, but to organize a school of music for gifted children, to establish festivals in England and on the continent and to involve himself with the politics of the arts on an international scale. His family is of more than passing interest, including two gifted sisters, Hepzibah and Yaltah, who have their own reputations as musicians, and a son, Jeremy, headed for a successful musical career.

Despite these potentials for an interesting story, *Unfinished Journey* fails in the primary act of story telling where, at a minimum, any autobiography should succeed. Menuhin's recollections are cut short by his recurring penchant to facile philosophy and summary. The encounters with Enesco and Bartók with Toscanini, his first concerts, the strange and wonderful episodes of a child prodigy are stripped of their believability and power by the preponderance of interpretive generalization in the text and Menuhin's ponderous reflections. Having just turned 60, Menuhin is still not content to let his memory speak. As a result the book reads like the acceptance speech of an award recipient after a presentation at a formal banquet. Menuhin thanks his friends, famous and obscure, and praises them (often faintly) without telling the reader anything interesting about them. Indeed, only Toscanini, Heifetz, and his sister, Hepzibah, are dealt with in anything less than superlatives. Life can be without bad experiences and critical memories. But Menuhin has sanitized all pain and distress in his life, in his first marriage, with his parents, his detractors, his failures, like the patient who has attained external calm and idealized maturity after psychoanalysis. *Unfinished Journey* is, as a result, a record of unbroken good fortune and cozy bliss, of only good and nice people, of Menuhin's triumph over obstacles alluded to but not described, a summary of a life that obscures the past rather than reveals it.

The most troublesome dimension of Menuhin's book is not, however, the paucity of direct narrative and description. Rather it is that the philosophy of life that is espoused borders on the sophomoric. New York has become a terrible place because the residents of Fifth Avenue don't know each other anymore and can't stroll to work. One is told periodically that white flour and white sugar are bad; that digesting meat is tough on performers (vegetarianism is recommended), and that the English are to be admired for their stiff upper lip, their preparedness and cool in the face of defeat and the unexpected. These and comparable tidbits occupy the greater part of *Unfinished Journey*. Menuhin's ordinary *lebensphilosophie* which otherwise might be charming is offered, to the reader, like his past experiences, in an overwrought style. Menuhin's wife Diana, whom he clearly loves and admires, is described as having an upbringing that was an "integration of disciplines" and a heritage "a strength of selfhood." She "subdued indulgence, discounted claims of self, found always a duty to be done . . . ." No specifics are offered which make Menuhin's interpretations and analyses convincing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consequently Menuhin emerges from this book as an eager, naive but concerned man taken with his own presumably profound musings.

Although the book fails to create the experiences of the past or provide a serious reflection of them, *Unfinished Journey* is a significant book precisely for what it fails to do. The book almost inadvertently reveals Menuhin as an unusual actor in the drama of European history and culture of the past 60 years. Within his musical life, what Menuhin fails to do is talk about his career in an honest way. He *was* a great violinist, but only as a child, adolescent, and very young man. He alludes to having lost the unself-conscious ability to play, and to having to learn the violin over again to understand it fully. That characterization masks the clear collapse of Menuhin's technical skills which has occured since World War II. For the past 20 or more years, his playing has been erratic and often downright poor. His bowing is awkward, his intonation unreliable. Yet as a child, as old recordings indicate, his skill was unparalleled. What happened? Why does not as presumably reflective a man as Menuhin talk clearly about the predicament of having been a prodigy, of the family pressures and the public environment? Rubinstein provides some insight in his book, *My Young Years*, on the transition from youthful virtuosity to mature artistry, but in his case the technical proficiency increased and his confidence augmented, although not without some psychological pain. In Menuhin's case his career was salvaged only by his reputation, his versatility as a musician, conductor and organizer, and by his initially appealing humanity. While the book alludes to a change in approach and attitude to the violin, it never probes the crisis which overtook his career some 30 years ago even though it is clear that somehow Menuhin's childhood moved him to start his own special school for gifted children so that the pitfalls of exploitation and bad habits common with prodigies could be avoided. As a result, the perspective on family and early life is suspect. Menuhin's idealized picture of his father and mother and his youth, for example, is hard to accept. The case of Michael Rabin, the violin prodigy whose career ended and started up again only to end in suicide is an extreme example of the need to examine the predicament of the careers of music prodigies.

Apart from this specific issue, the general lack of candor and specificity regarding Menuhin's musical life leaves the book bereft of musical content. There are some sporadic attempts at interpretation, for example on the opening violin solo in the Beethoven Concerto, but Menuhin's thoughts are trivial and obvious. His major suggestion to violinists, to be relaxed and flexible (something Menuhin thinks he now has embraced), is clearly the beginning and not the end of insight into playing the violin.

It is not Menuhin's musical experiences then that make *Unfinished Journey* worth reading, it is rather Menuhin's political convictions, his vision of historical events, and his aspirations for the future. As Menuhin's testimony in Marcel Ophuls's film on the Nuremberg trials indicates, Menuhin's lifelong quest for cosmopolitan, supranational citizenship as a result of the presumed apolitical nature of culture, especially music, and as a consequence of fame, cannot be dismissed as merely naive. Menuhin embodies the predicament of the Jew without national roots or religious identity who attempted to find a place in the world of the past 50 years without confronting anti-Semitism. Not unlike Stefan Zweig's autobiographical account, *The World of Yesterday*, Menuhin's *Unfinished Journey* is a document of the tragedy of Western secular Jewry. Although Menuhin's mother is a Russian Jewess, he constantly assures the reader that her main and best qualities were Asiatic and that she was a "Cherkess." Although Menuhin's father lived in Palestine, Menuhin admires his aversion for Zionism and religion. As for the religious Jew, Menuhin unwittingly supports the stereotype familiar to anti-Semitic literature. He condescendingly remarks that in the case of Arthur Balsam, the distinguished pianist, had it not been for Balsam's being sent to Berlin to study music as a young man, he would otherwise have had to suffer to study Talmud rather than musical scores. The mixture of aversion, guilt, and ignorance regarding Jewishness permeates this book, so much so that Menuhin casts cliched aspersions on the traditional Jewish family and family life, something he clearly knows nothing about.

Menuhin's views on all nationalities are equally shallow and therefore it is not uninteresting that Menuhin should reject all his possible homelands (America, Israel, Russia) and find England the most congenial. Menuhin's search for aristocratic gentile roots is, however, not without misgivings on his part. He supports Israel in the final analysis, if only halfheartedly. Despite the illusion that a career as a musician and fame as an artist can allow one to avoid the demands on individual conscience that historical events make, Menuhin somewhere still struggles with his fundamental identity as a Jew. As a consequence, *Unfinished Journey* is a historic document of the unresolved predicament of a generation of Western Jews who through education and cultural and artistic triumph tried, never successfully, to take refuge from events. Zweig took his own life, Einstein the world citizen became the famed Zionist, but Menuhin still holds on to his music and to his new-found love of England's formal aristocratic manners as a way of sustaining the illusion that the real problems of contemporary international and ethnic politics of 1977 can be shielded from the individual. Menuhin's *Unfinished Journey* is the record of how Yehudi Menuhin carried that hope, like blinders on a horse, through the experience of fascism, the holocaust, the cold war and the recent crises of the Middle East. The bankruptcy of that hope, despite its humane appearance, can be confronted and understood by reading this book.

Leon Botstein

Leon Botstein is President of Bard College, and a violinist and conductor.

COMING:
William Saroyan
on the
bookstores of Paris

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reconsideration

On War
by Carl von Clausewitz
edited and translated by
Michael Howard and Peter Paret

(Princeton Univ. Press; $18.50)

Clausewitz and the State
by Peter Paret

(Oxford Univ. Press; $18.95)

Even for an established classic of very wide reputation, Clausewitz's *On War* is excessively unread. And that is very unfortunate, for *On War* is undoubtedly one of the most *useful* books ever written. It is useful not only to the military professionals (who learn to quote a few stock aphorisms while being innocent of any further knowledge of the work), but also to the very much wider circle of those who are more indirectly concerned with war as the most drastic aspect of international politics, that is, bureaucrats and politicians, taxpayers and conscripts, hawks and doves and even pacifists. What makes *On War* so very useful is that the book is *not* a manual on how to wage war. If it were, it could have little more than antiquarian interest, for Clausewitz's wars were those of the smooth-bore musket, of horse artillery and of autocratic decision-makers. Still less is *On War* a systematic treatise of oppressive structure in the Germanic manner, as very many of its non-readers fondly believe it to be. Rather it consists of a collection of essays *on how to observe and understand* the nature of warfare in general. The difficulty of course is very great, for no human activity is so paradoxical and so riddled with perceptual traps. Take for example our most recent conflict of any significance, the 1973 Arab-Israeli war: while one set of observers are firmly convinced that the 1973 war proved the obsolescence of large-unit weapons and notably tanks and fighter-bombers, another set of observers quotes that same war to argue the need for larger inventories of battle tanks and high-performance aircraft. Even after the views of military illiterates are excluded from consideration (and standards are such that the *Washington Post* could recently print a long article on "smart weapons" in which there was scarcely one accurate fact) there remains a hard core of seemingly legitimate inferences which are totally contradictory. The problem is not the "fog of war." Ample information of high quality became available within a year or so of the October War. There is rather a more fundamental difficulty: the complex, multi-dimensional nature of war itself, in which the technical factors depend upon the tactical and operational, the tactical and operational depend upon the strategic, and the strategic upon the political. To be valid, any statement about war must be simultaneously presented in all these very different dimensions, and that is ordinarily impossible, if only because technicians are generally indifferent to tactical and operational questions, tacticians commonly lack a strategic perspective, while strategists need not understand political realities. On the other hand, if presented in isolation—as they usually are—observations about war in any one mode, whether technical or tactical, operational, strategic or political, will obscure the reality of the phenomenon as a whole. Clausewitz, as Peter Paret convincingly suggests, was primarily an applied philosopher, or more precisely, a phenomenologist who happened to concentrate on warfare. The direct purpose of his thinking was to develop methods which would enhance the understanding of war rather than to develop better methods of warfare. An example, drawn from his historical writings which Paret himself selects, will illustrate:

> *"When Bonaparte crossed the Julian Alps [into Italy] his situation appeared to be extremely dangerous if there was reason to believe that in Styria the Austrians were assembling superior forces to defeat him. But if the horizon expands and we know that these forces do not exist, the danger disappears, and now it is the Austrians who are threatened by defeat under the walls of Vienna . . . If, however, we expand our view still further and delay the decisive battle—waging it not to save the capital but to win the war—then it becomes immediately apparent that the French army is too weak. Considering that army in isolation, it is seen to face disaster simply because the decision has been delayed. However, if we do not limit our evaluation to this single army, but expand it to include the two French armies on the Rhine, we discover such a degree of French superiority that it seems inevitable for the fighting to shift from the Rhine to the interior of Austria. Now the inadequacy of the Army of Italy is made up for by the superiority of the other two armies. An invasion of all three forces towards the heart of the monarchy is no longer beyond their strength, and that is the threat now facing Austria. . . . the Austrian government may regard this invasion as a danger that should be avoided, if possible, by quickly making peace. But if this is not their attitude, the French will have to regard the invasion merely as a means of achieving a further purpose. If we suppose this further purpose to be the total defeat of the Austrian state—that is, if the invasion is continued to the eastern frontier in order to defeat the last Austrian forces there—the outcome, the probability of ultimate success, will change again. For . . . as long as the Austrian population remains loyal to its rulers, the French forces would be too weak for such an enterprise, and the forward movement of the invasion would by itself bring about a reversal . . ."*

and so it continues. It will be noted that in the above Clausewitz limits himself to the operational, strategic and political dimensions of conflict, excluding the technical and tactical. Even so, in his circularity and indeterminacy Clausewitz captures essential realities which conventional, one-step, unidimensional observation would miss. Hitler, who like other non-readers was fond of quoting Clausewitz one-liners, might have drawn lessons from the above as he pondered Barbarossa, for he too could only win by reaching the far side of his enemy's lands. And those who tried to reduce Vietnam war-planning to the simplicity and computability of the body-count might have drawn lessons too: there is always one more dimension of the problem which defeats simple solutions, even if all is well at the tactical and operational level, *i.e.*, even if the bodies are killed in sufficient numbers (which was not the case), and even if the bodies thus counted were indeed Viet Cong (which they often were not). A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clausewitz on the scene would have shown how a costly war might long continue even if the Viet Cong were definitely killed; and he might have shown further how the war might be won, and that the cost of victory might well then exceed the price of defeat. But of course there could be no Clausewitz on the scene for he would have undoubtedly been disqualified: our defense planners take pride in knowing nothing of military history while Clausewitz wrote much on the subject and studied more; and our military men are managers and bureaucrats in uniform while Clausewitz was a fighter and a thinker.

Now that we have the new publication from Princeton, translated with elegant clarity by Michael Howard and Peter Paret, all excuses for not reading Clausewitz are removed. The reader who ventures to open the book will find an excellent introductory essay by Bernard Brodie and a most helpful guide by the same author at the end. Brodie, having remarked that Clausewitz wrote not one word on naval warfare, delights in illustrating the wide applicability of Clausewitzian methods by citing precisely naval examples, drawn from the Pacific War. And this is no *tour de force:* the methods are indeed of wide applicability. Take for example the anti-tank missile issue in the October 1973 war. From a *technical* point of view we note that even the cheap, simple *"Sagger"* missiles used by the Egyptians had a high (50%+) probability of hitting a (costly) tank; since the Egyptians deployed tens of thousands of *Saggers* while the Israelis could field no more than 1500 tanks (at most) on that front even with full mobilization, we must conclude that the Israelis would be defeated easily, since they relied on tanks as their main force. But from a *tactical* point of view we see that the infantry manning the *Saggers* were wholly unprotected on the battlefield, and if the Israelis would support their tank assaults with artillery fire on the ground ahead they could disperse and distract the Egyptians, and thus be able to drive through their defense line losing relatively few tanks in the process. From this we would conclude that the Egyptians were wrong to rely on *Sagger* teams, and that they should have continued to base their plans on the tank, which is immune to indirect artillery fire. But from an *operational* point of view, we note that while the Egyptians could acquire lots of *Saggers* and also train the individual operators by rote, they did *not* have the higher-grade manpower needed to use tanks effectively for mobile warfare. This means that even though the artillery-supported tank force is generally more effective (and more *cost*-effective) than the missile-armed anti-tank infantry, *for the Egyptians* the missile tactics were still superior. However, from a *strategic* point of view we observe that if the Egyptians rely on static anti-tank forces while the Israelis continue to be superior in mobile warfare, the Israelis would be able to pierce the front and destroy the Egyptian army. We might therefore conclude that the Egyptians should not initiate the war, since they could not win. But from a *political* point of view, we see that the Egyptians do *not* need a military victory in order to gain an advantage from war; all they need is a *temporary* tactical victory, which is followed by a defeat not too swift or too complete. That will be enough to activate superpower diplomacy on their behalf, as well as the oil pressures on the West. Thus the technically superior, tactically inferior, operationally necessary but strategically inadequate *Sagger* tactics are validated at the political level, which is of course the dominant level. What then is the lesson of the episode for us? Should the United States build the costly new *XM-1* battle tank? Clausewitzian methods will not give us the answer, but they will teach us to answer that question through *all* the dimensions of the problem, from the variance in ground visibility on the north German Plain (which affects the operability of the visually-guided anti-tank missiles) to the politics of the NATO alliance. Of course this is not the easy way of playing the game; in Congress, in the Pentagon and in the White House/OMB unidimensional appraisals are still the rule: "the tank is obsolete, look at how many the Israelis lost!" "The tank is irreplaceable, look how many more the Israelis want to buy!"

Both in Bernard Brodie's guide appended to the text, and in a chapter of Paret's recent biographical study (*Clausewitz and the State*, Oxford Univ. Press) the contents of *On War* are well summarized. A further abbreviated summary might only serve to preempt the reading that is long overdue. Suffice it to say that except for the very first chapter, the whole text consists of diverse essays on warfare loosely organized in "books" on the main subject (the attack; the defense, etc.). As is well known, Clausewitz only brought one chapter to a final draft, the first, and this consists of short paragraphs of aphorism and proposition which offer many different answers to the question "what is war?". Here as throughout his works, Clausewitz does not attempt to be neatly systematic but rather strives to be truthful to the untidy complexities of his subject.

Paret's book sets Clausewitz's thought in the context of his life. As Machiavelli cannot be truly understood except as an Italian patriot whose writings achieve an amoral detachment precisely because a strong emotional commitment urged him to strive for *useful* objectivity, Clausewitz's direct purpose was to improve the objective understanding of the war because he wanted to be useful to the cause of a united Germany. One is tempted to reflect that his fellow-Germans would understand his tactical and operational ideas all too well, while failing to observe his permanent injunction that the political dimension dominates all else. Born in 1780, Clausewitz joined the Prussian army at the age of 13 and died at the age of 51 after a life full of books both read and written. By the time he died of colera (and sheer overwork) Clausewitz had seen six years of active war duty, and had reached the high—but not the highest—rank of Major-General in the classic period of the Prussian army, the period of Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. By the prevailing standards of his day and ours he was enormously well-educated, and not merely well-read, for he accepted no proposition by authority but only when satisfied of its logical and factual basis. Paret's book explains the man and the genesis of his thought in a thoroughly convincing manner, and he tells a very interesting story very well; in many ways this is biography at its best, partly because it gives much more attention to the milieu than to the man. Paret has written an excellent piece of intellectual history. But he would no doubt concede that post-Vietnam America, with its defense planners who are little more than glorified accountants, and its generals who still think that strategy is only logistics, needs Carl von Clausewitz's book much more.

Edward N. Luttwak

Edward N. Luttwak, Associate Director of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research, Johns Hopkins University, has recently published *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire* (Johns Hopkins Univ. Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB, *from page 2*

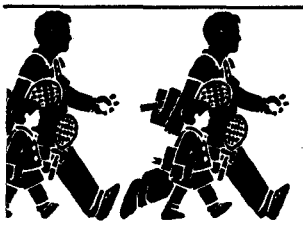
popular-style book, widely influential in Australia, that may soon be re-printed here: *Uranium on Trial.*

"We are totally opposed to the introduction of breeder reactors for power production at this stage," it says. Wait a bit, the authors urge; maybe this monster plutonium will be harnassed in time and put to the plough, but not yet: the thermal reactor, they say, "is the only type of reactor that we believe is suitable for use in the world today."

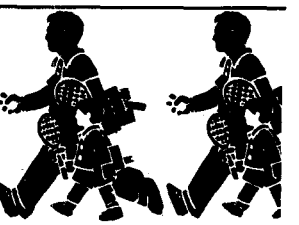
If the layman is still groping for confirmation, and searching for some other authority in this nightmare world, he will find Professor Butler's verdict from Australia confirmed almost word-for-word by the Ford Foundation's newly published 400-page study (mentioned here last week), "Nuclear Power Issues and Choices" (Ballinger paperback). The study is by a 21-member blue ribbon panel. It urges delay in plutonium breeders for urgent reasons of safety and economics. True, the study agrees, other countries are pursuing such breeders—France, West Germany, the United Kingdom, Japan and the Soviet Union. Some are having success. But says the report, "Being first with a technological development program does not always mean success in economic or other terms since technical success must be matched to real needs. The supersonic transport provides a contemporary example."

My hunch is that whatever President Carter and supporters try to do, the fight to prevent nuclear proliferation has been lost. Enrico Fermi in Chicago in 1942 produced the first chain reaction, and 35 years later we face a prospect so blood-curdling that we prefer not to notice it. Bomb power is spreading. The General Accounting Office tells Congress that commercial nuclear facilities can't account for "thousands of pounds" of highly enriched plutonium and uranium. Delegates of 60 nations at Salzburg hear that 102 nations have now accepted the Non-proliferation Treaty: fine, except that some 50 nations haven't, including France, Argentina and Brazil.

And that Princeton student has surfaced again who is supposed to have written an accurate term paper on "How to Make a Bomb." Defense Secretary Harold Brown smilingly told me the other day that no one Princeton undergraduate could make a bomb; but 100 undergraduates, with access to fissionable material, very possibly could.



THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP&SCHOOL DIRECTORY

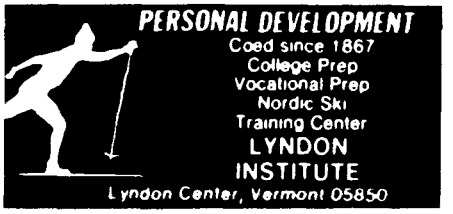


Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Schools



SECOND ANNUAL ROD SERLING WRITING SEMINARS sponsored by Antioch College and the *Antioch Review*, summer 1977. Intensive week-long workshops open to published and developing writers. Workshop Topics: children's literature; the short story; writing for the camera (screen and TV); writing to publish (articles); poetry. For details write: Serling Seminars, Box F, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

EXPLORE THE NORTHWEST. Summer adventures in group living and outdoor study. High school and junior high programs. The High Country School, 1021 NW Skyline Blvd., Portland, Oregon 97229.

Camps

RIDING WITH AN EDUCATION

6 Week Horsemanship Camp for Intermediate/Advanced riders 14-18 June 26-August 5. 2 Week Horsemanship Camp for all riders 8-16 August 7-20. Excellent horses, qualified instruction in hunt seat & dressage; showing, camp activities, fun! Only 30 campers, coed. 2 Year Accredited Instructor Course.

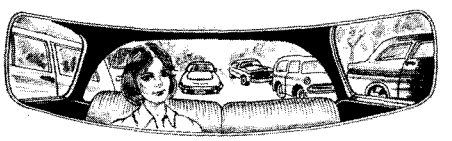
5-H ACRES SCHOOL OF RIDING
RD#4, Cortland, New York 13045
607/753-9384 ACA Accredited

The Classifieds

Personals

A WASHINGTON SUMMER - Air-conditioned room, board, $75/wk in exchange for child-care (2 boys, 7 & 9). Kind, responsible, non-smoking student. Ref. req. Reply to Zich, 3717 Livingston St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015 (include phone).

I NEED YOU. Professional gentleman, 29. Pleasant, intelligent conversationalist. Yet insecure. Has various interests. Desires to meet—love—marry compatible female. Washington, D.C. area preferred. New Republic Box 8155.



PANORAMIC REAR-VIEW SAFETY MIRROR

DRIVING? Instant TOTAL visibility sides and rear. Snaps on your rearview mirror. No more twisting when changing lanes. $8.95 (Maryland residents add 4% tax) to:

D.E. Sanders, Forum Bldg. 1006
11801 Rockville Pike
Rockville, Maryland 20852

LATIN BLONDE, educated lady wishes early marriage 48-54, white retiree, or business gentleman, without dependents, willing to settle in Central America. Box 485-RN, Rockville, Maryland 20850.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081.

BRIGHT, PETITE, multi-lingual, fifties. Interested theater, skiing, issues, swimming, travel, riding. San Francisco area. Seeks male companionship. New Republic Box 8160.

ATTRACTIVE, decent, French woman, 39, would marry charming, sensitive, refined, responsible man. Child welcomed. New York City. New Republic Box 8170.

When an American Indian child drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free, (800) 545-6843.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN ARE YOU AT YOUR BEST? Your personal biorhythm chart for the next twelve months, individually plotted with explanation. $5.00. Send complete birthdate and SASE to Biorhythm Service, P.O. Box 155, Nedrow, New York 13120.

AMHERST, MASS. AREA: female, 42, warm, talkative, open, pretty, somewhat square, weary of lonely attendance at concerts, movies, museums, political gatherings, seeks companionship of mature academic or professional male of gentleness, spirituality, humor, strength, who cares deeply about the arts, politics, people and values beyond himself. New Republic Box 8115.

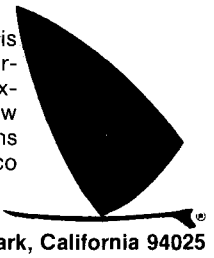
WANT TO SUCCEED? With job, school, friends. Remember names, faces, dates, facts. $2.95. Arlotta Press. Dept. R-4. 6340 Millbank Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45459.

WEST COASTERS - Quality Indian Baskets? Please contact me. P.O. Box 198, La Jolla, California 92038.

LADY SEEKING SINGLE fiftyish gentleman for touring, cruising, seafaring. 805 Byers, Joplin, Missouri 64801.

MANHATTAN APARTMENT-SITTING/Summer sublet wanted for careful Harvard student. Tachau, Currier House, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

WINDSURFING
Have you tried this safe, new watersport? It has the exhilaration of snow skiing. Take lessons in the San Francisco area.



Bay Surf
Box 776, Menlo Park, California 94025
(415) 323-7257.

ZAPRUDER, NIX, MUCHMORE films. Kennedy assassination. Photographs, recordings, slides, literature. Collector's Archives; Box 114-R, Beaconsfield, Quebec.

ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT, Chicago woman, 37, seeks man for lasting relationship. She's serious about work - likes outdoor sports, theater and good food. Wants man with similar interests and big smile. New Republic Box 8110.

WEST INDIAN-BORN female, 35, attractive, seeks intelligent personable male interested in music, theatre, books. NYC area. New Republic Box 8100.

DIVORCED Self-employed San Francisco man seeks cultivated local career woman over 50 but still tender and trusting. (415) 921-7200.

PSYCHIC CAN bewitch (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

DARE TO FIND OUT. Get a copy of the information Uncle Sam maintains on you. FULL REFUND if there's nothing on you. Send $6.50 for request forms. Sunshine Search Service, 1302 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

PROFESSIONAL black woman, seeks intelligent outgoing male, 40+, who enjoys music, dancing, theatre, books, good conversation. NYC area. New Republic Box 8105.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

Stationery

DISCOUNT PRICED PRINTED business/social stationery. Small orders welcome. Free samples. Jaxwrite Company, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Energy Conservation

ENERGY CONSERVATION PRODUCTS

WATER HEATER JACKET
Wrap your water heater with the Owens-Corning Insulation Jacket and you'll save 20% on your hot water bills. Fits all round heaters up to 80 gallons. Easy Installation. Low priced at $20.00. Postage included. (Cal. res.. add $1.20 Tax) Send to: SOFT ENERGY TECHNOLOGIES, 12333 Texas Ave., Suite 5, Los Angeles, CA 90025

WATER CONSERVATION PRODUCTS

ENJOY SAVING WATER, ENERGY AND MONEY
We offer top quality products from major manufacturers that save water and are made to last. Our bathroom set includes: Dole* Conservationist Mark III Adjustable Showerhead, (3 gpm flow) saves 3 gallons or more per minute (but we dare you to notice the difference) $16.00. Conservarator, faucet aerator, saves 1 gallon or more per minute $2.50; Little John Water Saver Toilet Dams, saves 2 gallons per flush $6.00. Get complete set for $20.00. Or order separately. Can pay for itself in 6 months. Postage paid. Money Back Guarantee. Send to: SOFT ENERGY TECHNOLOGIES, 12333 Texas Ave., Suite 5, Los Angeles, CA 90025

T-Shirts

EVERYBODY WANTS ONE - (Except Maynard Jackson) - "Maynard's Word is Garbage" T-shirts. AFSCME green w/white letters. Your minimum $5 contribution buys one T-shirt. All proceeds go to support low-paid striking Atlanta City workers in AFSCME Local 1644. Send contributions to: Garbage T-Shirt, Local 1644, 133 Luckie Street, Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

BEETHOVEN T-SHIRTS. Hand-screened. Collector's item. Sizes: S-M-L-ExL. $6.00. Burketime, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" T-shirt (S-M-L), $4.95. Letter seals, 200/$2.50; 500/$5; bumperstrips, 2/$1; 6/$2.75. The Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580.

Historical T-Shirts & Totes

Virginia Woolf, Bach, Nietzsche, Ameila Earhart, Plato, Susan B. Anthony, George Sand, Freud, Marx, Oscar Wilde, Jane Austen, Dostoevsky, Mark Twain, Tolkein, Colette, Wittgenstein, Einstein, Emma Goldman, Bertrand Russell, Gustav Mahler, Gertrude Stein, Emily Dickinson, Mao T'se Tung.

T-SHIRTS white cotton sm (34-36), med (38-40), lg (42-44) $6.00ea 4/$20.
TOTE BAGS (available only in italicized names) natural color, cotton 13"x17"x3" $9.50ea 4/$35.
prices postpaid - make checks payable to
Historical T-Shirts & Totes
Box 55C Somerville, Mass. 02144

Bumperstickers

BUTTONS, T-Shirts, Bumperstickers, Balloons - Custom-printed. Catalog. Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580. (516) 872-9522.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, grasscloth, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. Pennsylvania residents call collect (412) 471-6942. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Games

ATTENTION CROSSWORD BUFFS! Absolute Ultimate! World's largest crossword puzzle. Listed in Guinness Book. 22x26", 4,018 words. Complete 32 page definition book. Solutions included. Ideal gift. $3.00 ppd., The Works, Dept. R-3, 370 Williams Road, Wallingford, Connecticut 06492.

Literature

SAMPLE TWELVE Big City Sunday Newspapers with subscription to Newspaper of Month Club. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Details: The Nation's Press, Box 12297NC, Kansas City, Missouri 64152.

NEW: SOUPBEAN POETS/APPALACHIAN ANTHOLOGY. Poetry, Fiction, Criticism—60 pp—$2.75 to Mountain Union, 107 Earwood, Beckley, West Virginia 25801.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you seen THE WEEKLY PEOPLE lately? America's oldest Socialist journal is more readable than ever. Domestic and international reporting, lively make-up, incisive DeLeonist analysis. Four month trial $1, $4/year. *The Weekly People*, Dept. 1E, 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto, California 94303.

PEACEFUL ALTERNATIVES - information packet free. Box 841, Winona, Minnesota 55987.

PRACTICAL POLITICS
The magazine of Electoral Behavior, Political Techniques, and Campaign Consulting, one year, $9, write: Terry Lutes, Center for the Study of Practical Politics, Box 2495, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS. Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism. $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003.

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS, for the latest developments of Chinese socialism in agriculture, industry, education, criticism of "Gang of Four," etc. Airmailed from Peking monthly. $3.00 for 1-year subscription. China Books & Periodicals, Attn: NR, 2929 24th St., San Francisco, California 94110. Free catalog on request.

HOW TO EAT WELL AND LOSE WEIGHT, HOW TO BE ASSERTIVE. $1.00 each. Send self-addressed envelope to: Box 40, Solebury, Pennsylvania 18963.

WASHINGTON LOBBYISTS/LAWYERS DIRECTORY. Lists 6,000 who influence government. $25. Box 137, Washington, D.C. 20044.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year $17.)

"UNUSUAL" BOOKS. Catalog free. International Imports, Box 7798NR. Atlanta, Georgia 30357.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

ARTICLES wanted for magazine of Electoral Politics. Write for details. Center for Practical Politics, Box 2495, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request. P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press, Dept. RZQ. 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011.

WRITERS - "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

Out-of-Print Books

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Free international search without obligation. Bookfinders, Box 29604-N5, Atlanta, Georgia 30359.

Poetry

FREE POETRY PUBLICATION. Send S.A.S.E. to Poemathon, 561 Sylvan Ave., San Mateo, California 94403.

POETRY WANTED for Anthology - include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

Employment Opportunities

HELP WANTED—For a meaningful job, advertise in "The Nation" classifieds. "The Nation" is one of the foremost progressive magazines and the oldest weekly in the U.S. Send 60¢ for sample copy. The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., New York, New York 10014.

LITERARY SECRETARY wanted. Prefer experienced, mature woman. Education—literary, musical and general cultural interests very important. Some transcribing from cassettes. Salary negotiable. Hours easy. Some transcribing work could be done at home. New Republic Box 8175.

MATURE, WELL-EDUCATED office manager-secretary-bookkeeper for one-person office of retired active engineer on international development. Live-in arrangement. Some travel. Will consider with one child 12 years minimum or a couple. New Republic Box 8145.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS-current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162.

"SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

BOLD HEAD
$5 per insertion
(plus 60¢ per word)

BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10 per insertion
(plus 60¢ per word)

INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$25 per insertion
(plus 60¢ per word)

REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS 60¢ PER WORD

FREE TRAVEL !!!
Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS
Report tells how and where c
markets. Learn what kind of
**A. Perkins Enterprises, 93
Street, Chicago, Illinoi**

Try our "3 for 2" offer. You pay for 2 ads - we run #3 FREE!

**Maine Wind
Sailing Vacation**
ıtury Reproductions.
. Utmost Dependabi
erritories. 10551 Victc
Washington 98125. G
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

The New Republic
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: _____

I'll try for greater impact with:
- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed _____
Please run my ad ____ times
TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling
See frequency rates next page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts/Crafts

U.S. PRESIDENTS - 38 award winning color portraits "11 x 14" with biographical information. Coupon enclosed for adding new ones. Send $7.50. Natalie Michaels', 303 Winifred Drive, Totowa, New Jersey 07512.

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

Gourmet/Cookery

WILD RICE FANCY $4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L. Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630

SOCIALIST FOOD TACTICS: Plan & Recipes for cheap, uncomplicated, sustaining eats, $1. New Republic Box 8135.

Music

M. SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. 17th, 18th Century Reproductions. Finest Craftmanship. Utmost Dependability. Catalog. Dealer Territories. 10551 Victory Lane, N.E., Seattle, Washington 98125. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors.

HARPSICHORD, NEUPERT-VIVALDI. G. Jonas, 2582 38th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94116.

HARPSICHORD WEEK in the Napa Wine Country with John Hamilton, June 12-17, 1977. Write Keyboard Workshop, Music Department, Pacific Union College, Angwin, California 94508.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-3, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

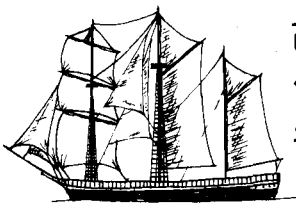
Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	40¢

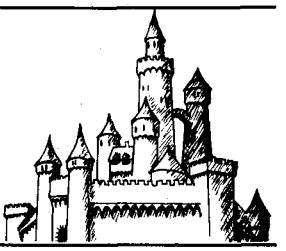
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036



THE GREAT ESCAPES



Vacation/Travel

SABBATICAL BOUND?
Superb homemaker, cultured, mature, can keep your Washington, D.C. area home perfect condition—many references. New Republic Box 8165.

THE TABARD INN. End hiltonism. Join Washington's most unique small hotel, where austerity is golden. Write or call, 1739 N St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. 202-785-1277.

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo beach house, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78 Street, New York, New York 10021. (212) 879-8870.

JUNE, JULY or Fall rental, rural New Hampshire, 18th century Cape on 7 acres. 3 bedrooms, 1 bath. View of Green Mountains. Near lake, swimming & boating. $650 per month; $900, six weeks. Ref. req. (301) 657-3428.

OFF-OFF-SEASON BONUS: Nine nights for week's rent, beachfront Jamaican villa, private tennis, staff, friendly fishing village. From $270. Noel, 141-N Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759.

FAMILY WORK CAMP, to help build solar house at Arthur Morgan School. Work, play, fellowship, intellectual stimulus. Beautiful mountain setting. An ideal low-cost vacation. Write Morgan School, Burnsville, North Carolina 28714.

OUTDOOR ADVENTURE COURSE. Weekly, June-August, $200. Rafting, backpacking, rockclimbing, mountaineering workshops and expeditions with professional guides in Colorado. Write Outdoor Leadership Training Seminars, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207.

NANTUCKET ISLAND - Contemporary house, luxuriously furnished. Near uncrowded, endless beaches. 6 miles from town. Weekly, monthly. (216) 721-2322.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, sailing instructions, heated salt water pool. Write for folder.

EXPERIENCE a vanishing lifestyle with Alaskan Registered Guide Bush Family. Classic log lodge. Breathtaking sea, mountain panorama. Excellent fishing, whales, seal, bear, bird rookeries, 30' tides. 10 guest max. Boat floatplane access only. 5 days with guide, $625. Kachemak Bay Wilderness Lodge, China Poot Bay, Box 1 via Homer, Alaska 99603. Radio phone contact 907-235-8910.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS. David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. Write: Wilderness Trails, P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

MAINE COAST - Waterfront Rental overlooking harbor and fishing village. Near Audubon Sanctuary. 207-633-2638.

Property Sale/Rent

NOVA SCOTIA—Lovely 8-rm., semi-furnished, near shore. Barns, 4 acres. $14,000. Owner 617-965-0807 (eve.).

CHAPPAQUIDDICK SEASCAPE. Unique but expensive proposition for nature loving persons who can afford privacy, unspoilable expansive bay-ocean views, conservation-minded land planning. 3 acres plus 1/5 share of commonly owned 15 acres of rolling bluffs, 1/3 mile Katama Bay beachfront, 2 all-weather courts. Box 1128, Edgartown, Massachusetts 02539.

TIROLEAN IDYLL. Austrian farmhouse, breathtaking views, 9 rooms: including studio, large terrace and splendid library. Otzal region near Innsbruck. June-August or monthly rental. Blaine (212) RI9-0678, evenings only.

TINY PARIS STUDIO near Eiffel tower. Minimum three months. New Republic Box 8140.

TRURO, CAPE COD. Luxurious, architect designed, ultra-modern house, with spectacular view, on private beach. 3-4 bedrooms, 2 studies. August: $3,200. 203-777-0263.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Erections

I publish here a photograph of a piece of contemporary "sculpture" that was dumped last week on the sidewalk outside this office. It cost $8000 from the owners of the building, and a matching grant of $8000 from the National Endowment for the Arts, much of whose spending is little more than a rip-off for artists from the public treasury. This ugly box of rusty steel plates is meaningless, it is junk, and it is not art. But if it is junk, it is no more so than the language which the artist himself, Ed McGowin, and Jo Ann Lewis writing about it in the *Washington Post*, use to describe it. The language in which contemporary art is discussed today has become incomprehensible because it is describing something that does not really exist, that has no validity as art. For too long we have been intimidated by the fear that if we do not "appreciate" all contemporary art, we must be philistines. But few of these artists are Cézannes whose genius we are not recognizing, and posterity will gaze in wonder at the junk to be found in the cellars of the Museum of Modern Art in New York when it opens them. When Picasso painted his *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*, Salvador Dali sent him a telegram saying: "Congratulations. You have destroyed art!" But that ought not to be an excuse for charlatanry—although Dali himself would be said by many to have crossed the line—and it is charlatanry that is too often being foisted on the public today in the name of art.

This White House is beginning to bore me long before I expected my attention span to fade. It is not that I am disappointed in President Carter, although he seems sometimes to be pointed in a direction in which I wish and hope he is not pointed. But I did not expect to be so quickly bored, that the tales that come from the White House would be so lackluster. The fault lies, I suspect, in the character of his personal advisers at the White House. They give the impression of being limited men, interested only in "process," which can be the death of politics, with no ideal or vision or passion between them; or even any real ebullience. One will soon be looking nostalgically back to the days

Diane Walker

when John Kennedy's young centurions used to release their high spirits by reprehensibly throwing Arthur Schlesinger into the Hickory Hill swimming pool.

When information is leaked from the Supreme Court, it is the sort of event that suggests that an institution is in danger of losing some of its aura of majesty. No law clerk to Felix Frankfurter—and there used to be a time when everyone in Washington seemed at one time to have been a law clerk to Felix Frankfurter—would ever have leaked anything. I have always been fascinated by the fact that the Court opens its proceedings each day with a supplication to the Almighty to assist it in its deliberations, when it will not permit such prayers to be uttered in public schools. Louis Claiborne, when he was an Assistant Solicitor General of the United States and often pleading before the Court, explained to me that, since none of the justices believed that there was any divine power superior to them, they could offer their prayers without fear of misinterpretation or risk of any unsought intervention from a higher authority. With the departure of men like Earl Warren and Hugh Black and William Douglas, the Court, when I look in on it now and then, seems a much less august body, whose deliberations anyone might leak. But then a second rate Chief Justice, in the person of Warren Burger, makes a second rate Supreme Court, and sadly that is what Richard Nixon gave us.

Britian is no longer a great power, and I long ago accepted the fact that it must be satisfied with American ambassadors to the Court of St. James of the calibre of Elliot Richardson, instead of buccaneers like Joe Kennedy or gaunt intimates of their president like John Gilbert Winant and John Hay Whitney. But to send Kingman Brewster is rubbing in the salt unnecessarily: this man whose presidency of Yale was primarily marked by so elevating the academic standards of its faculty that, during his term, the two most successful books to come out of that university were Charles Reich's *Greening of America* and Erich Segal's *Love Story*.

I have been reading Michael Harrington's book of autobiographical recollections, which has just appeared in paperback, and was enchanted by his story of one of the Catholic priests at his school in St. Louis who, in the endless attempt to subdue the boys' latent interest in sex, told them that "an erection was nature's stop sign, an interpretation that seemed to us to be at direct odds with our experience." This reminded me of Leslie Weatherhead, a popular Methodist preacher in Britain some years ago, who wrote one of the first "sex manuals" to appear in that country. My friends and I used to entertain one another in college by reading it aloud, returning in particular to the passage in which he said that there was nothing wrong with masturbation as long as no "pictures" accompanied the act in one's imagination. This seemed to us, so to speak, to put the cart before the horse. When one adds to it this further concept of "nature's stop sign," the whole thing becomes too confusing.

H. F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The System Is the Solution"

—AT&T

"The System Is the PROBLEM"

—THE PROGRESSIVE

If you are one of the growing number of Americans who realize that AT&T's slogan means, "What's good for big business is good for America," then . . .

. . . welcome to *The Progressive,* the monthly magazine that knows it's long past time to make fundamental changes. More and more of us see that

—The System squanders our nation's wealth.

—The System rapes our natural and human environments.

—The System pours hundreds of billions of dollars down a rathole called "national security."

—The System puts profit ahead of people.

The System works, all right—it works for AT&T and Lockheed, for IBM and Exxon—but it doesn't work for us, the American *people.*

"Government and business share the assumption that problems will disappear as production increases; the corollary is that big business offers the surest way to increase production. Open government is impossible so long as corporate-sponsored economic growth is regarded as the highest good."

David P. Thelen
"Our Government: A Wholly Owned Subsidiary"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

"Solar energy has begun to capture the American people's imagination. Clean, inexhaustible, capable of heating and cooling, convertible to electric power, the sun offers the ideal solution to the world's energy crisis. It could become America's energy cornucopia—if Congress doesn't turn it into just another corporate asset to be exploited for the sake of private greed."

Mark Northcross
"Who Will Own the Sun?"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

"The ad in *Forbes* is simple but seductive, the message clear: Come to North Carolina, where wages are low, profits are high, and unions are almost non-existent. North Carolina's "commitment" to a "favorable" atmosphere means that the state uses its unflagging power to guarantee a supply of cheap, abundant, submissive, and—most important—unorganized labor."

Barbara Koeppel
"Something Could Be Finer Than To Be in Carolina"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

"Because the Defense Department and the corporations have the money, they can endow the schools with "free" or "inexpensive" materials that perpetuate militaristic values, racist attitudes, and sexual stereotypes. Our schools are cluttered with militaristic indoctrination and with conservative propaganda. . . . I wonder why progressives are always on the defensive in these controversies."

Betty Medsger
"The 'Free' Propaganda That Floods the Schools"
in THE PROGRESSIVE

If the System isn't *your* solution, if you're looking for information and solid political, social, and economic analysis, you'll find *The Progressive* important and exciting reading.

Join us in creating a system that works for people—all of us. Your subscription begins with the very next issue.

A77

6 FOR $5

YES! Please send me 6 months of The Progressive for $5 FOR SOME CHANGES

☐ I prefer 12 months for $10

FREE BONUS COPY when payment is enclosed.

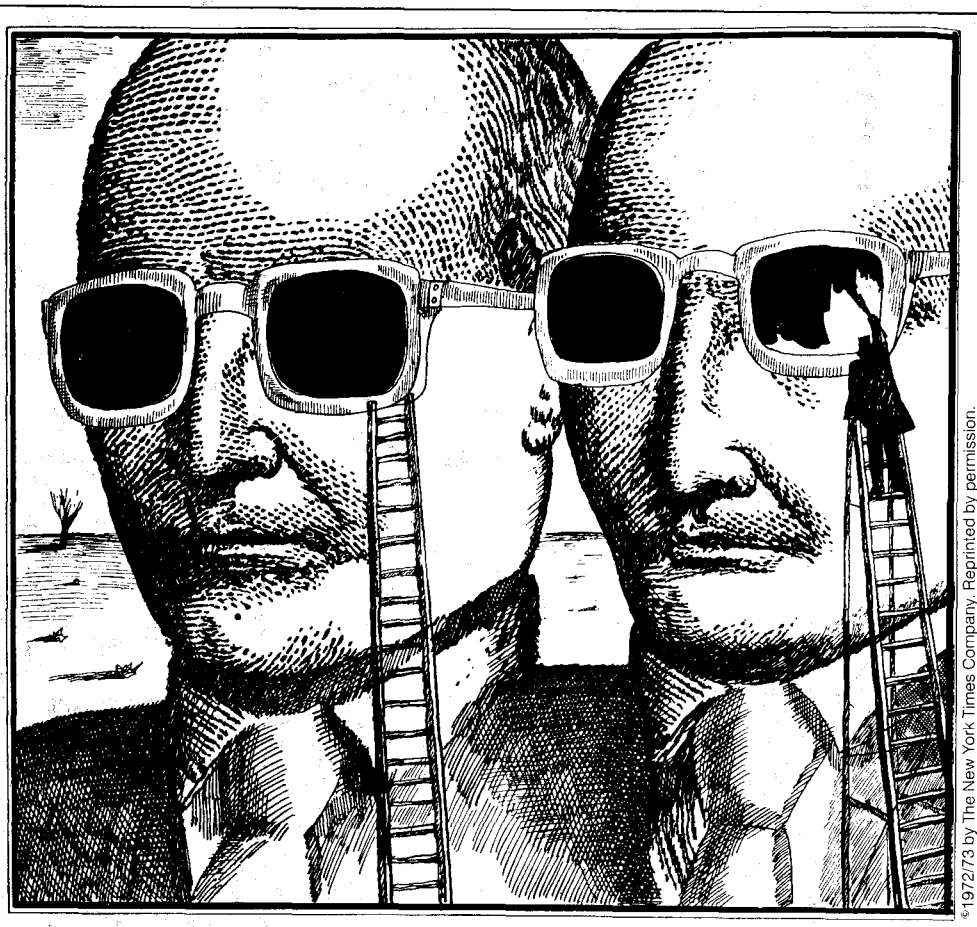
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE PROGRESSIVE
W. Gorham St., Madison, WI 53703

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1972/73 by The New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

"How a lot of politicians deal with human need."

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

MAY 1 1 197

"Too many public officials are trying to cure budget problems in state and local government by cutting human services. And by closing their eyes to a lot of human problems.

Like the 70-year-old widow who has nowhere to live when the state shuts down the nursing home. Or the working mother who's forced onto welfare when the daycare center closes.

Or even the retarded kids who sit in locked rooms because there's no one to care for them.

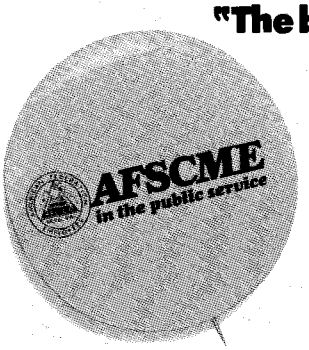
If you haven't heard about these conditions, you're not uninformed. With all the self-congratulatory praise most politicians use about 'fiscal integrity' and 'tough fiscal management', not many people see the pain and sorrow of human services cutbacks. Not even news people.

But human suffering won't go away by ignoring it. Or by blaming the people who work in nursing homes, daycare centers, or mental hospitals.

Our union represents these workers, so we know what the politicians are ignoring. Our goal is to open your eyes."

"The business of government is people."

Jerry Wurf, President
American Federation of State,
County and Municipal Employees
1625 L Street, NW,
Washington, D.C. 20036



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED